

The TATLER

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London, January 15, 1930

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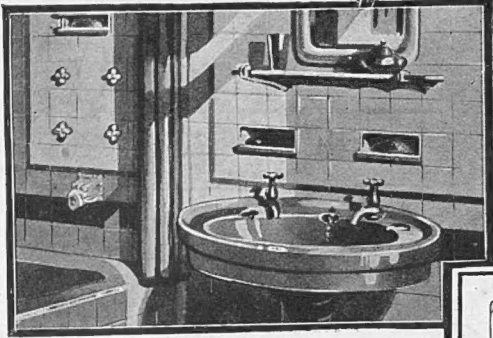
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The TATTLER

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THE ROYAL MARRIAGE IN ROME

T.R.H. THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF PIEDMONT

The marriage of Umberto, Prince of Piedmont, the Crown Prince of Italy, to the Princess Marie José of Belgium, was an event which intrigued the whole civilised world far more perhaps than any other Royal alliance has ever done, for there was the true spice of romance which makes such a strong popular appeal. It was a love match, which even the evil plottings of the Bolshevist powers of darkness failed to prevent.



LADY BOYNE'S PARTY AT THE WHEATLAND HUNT BALL

Lord and Lady Boyne's house is Burwarton, Salop, and they had a house party for the recent Wheatland Ball, one of a regular avalanche of these cheery entertainments. In this group the names, left to right, are: Seated—Miss Joy Verney, Miss Jean Hamilton-Russell (a niece of Lord Boyne), Lady Helena Fitzwilliam, Miss Leicester Warren, and the Hon. Nancy Pearson; standing—The Hon. John and the Hon. Gustavus Hamilton-Russell, two of Lord Boyne's sons, Mr. Robin Doyne, Mr. Robert Cecil, Captain R. Bridgeman, and Mr. David Bowsley

GROSVENOR SQUARE, S.W.1.

DEAREST,—1930 is starting off with a great flourish, in the matrimonial sense, isn't it? To begin with, the royal wedding in Rome last week, which appealed to the imagination of everyone. For the Italians are such masters of pageantry, and use their gifts to the best effect for functions of that kind. And what a setting for it all. And, incidentally, what a very attractive couple as the central figures. How thrilling too in these democratic days, all the enthusiasm over this royal alliance.

* * *

And here, at home, the two exciting engagements which I hinted at in my last letter have provided one of the chief topics of conversation during the last ten days or so. For though I was discretion itself, the cat was out of the bag almost before my letter was in print. The Duke of Westminster has always been a popular hero, even to thousands who haven't come into direct contact with his engaging personality, for he has always been a great sportsman, and everyone is congratulating him on his engagement to such a charming person as Miss Loelia Ponsonby, who is now a member of the party on his



THE YOUNG ENCHANTED

Rosemary and Pamela Turnor, the daughters of Captain and Lady Enid Turnor, with (centre) Lady Mary Cambridge at the Peter Pan Party held last week at Claridge's in aid of Dr. Barnardo's Homes. The Marchioness of Cambridge was hostess at this foregathering of engaging small persons

The Letters of Eve



LORD BROUGHAM AND VAUX

Whose engagement to Miss Olive Plunket was announced recently, is in the Scots Guards Supplementary Reserve. He is the fourth of his line and has something in the way of records to live up to. The first peer was ninety at his death, the second ninety-one, while the third died two years ago in his ninety-second year

beautiful yacht, *Cutty Sark*. The last we heard of the party was at Monte Carlo, but the Duke is nothing if not extremely mobile, and they are probably *en route* for more distant shores by this time.

* * *

The Ecaufort Hunt Ball was just too late for my last letter to you, so I will start off with it now. We were lucky to get a fine night for it, and everyone agreed that Weston Birt, which belonged, like the now demolished Holford House, to Sir George Holford, and is now a girls' school, was a far better place for it than where it always used to be at Chippenham. And what crowds of people there were. Over five hundred, though there

Arthur Owen

were almost a dozen other country balls on the same night. And it was a really good party, with everyone in great heart, and two very good bands. So good that nearly everyone stayed to the bitter end until they were, figuratively, forcibly ejected after the beer and sausages. However, late as we all were, it did not deter us from turning out most commendably fresh looking for the meet a few hours later.

There were so many attractive women in the room that it is rather difficult to single out any specially. The young duchess looked lovely, I thought, and was one of the few to wear a tiara. Two others that I saw with them were Clare Lady Cowley, who was in white satin, and Lady Mainwaring. Mrs. Keith Menzies, who was there with her husband and brought a party, always stands out in any room, and she looked specially well in black, which is so becoming to her fair hair and skin. Another very attractive woman in black was Mrs. Alex McBean, who had a small party for the ball at Owlpen, including the cheery and ubiquitous Lord Portarlington, who followed the hounds next morning in his famous super-charged Mercédès.

There were dozens of really lovely girls, too, some of them who were coming out at this ball. One of these was Miss Patsy Crawshay, the daughter of one of Mrs. Fred Cripps' sisters, and she promises to be a real beauty. And another was Miss Vivien St. George, sister of Mrs. Derrick Dunstan. Of the already established last-year debutantes, I noticed Miss Margaret Mercer Nairne looking very lovely. So was Miss Nell Ward, whose party included Lady Dorothea Ashley-Cooper, Lord Stavordale, and Lord Ivor Churchill. Among the crowd I also noticed such familiar figures of that part of the world as Lord and Lady Westmorland, the Maurice Kingscotes, and Mrs. Arthur Crichton and her son and daughter, and the recent bride, Lady Anne Hunloke, and her husband.

Lady Cunard has been entertaining a great deal at her house in Grosvenor Square just lately in order to take her parties on to the opera at the Scala Theatre. The operas are produced by a young man from Oxford rather as an adventure, and Lady Cunard, gallant as ever, is in support. Several different operas are given, all of them either early works of



AT THE DUMFRIESSHIRE HUNT BALL

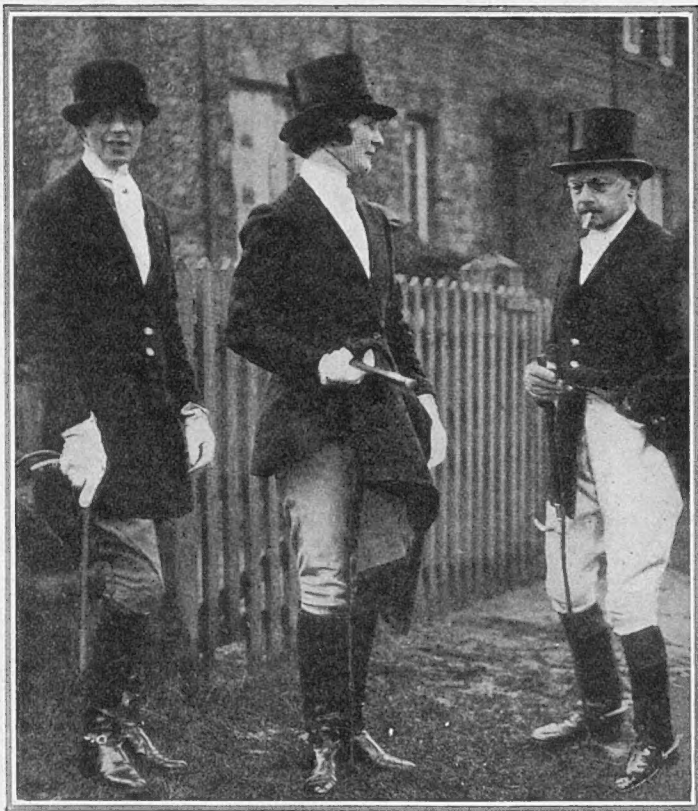
Which was held at the Town Hall, Lockerbie, last week, and drew a bumper field. In this group the names are: Left to right, front—Prince Ali Khan, the Aga Khan's son; Lady Buchanan-Jardine of Castlemilk, wife of the master, Sir John Buchanan-Jardine, the Princess Caraman de Chimay, Mr. John Dugdale; behind—Mr. J. H. Judd and the Hon. Thomas Cholmondeley

great composers or little-known works which have not been given often or for some time. Sir Thomas Beecham is also helping by conducting some of the operas himself. Among those whom Lady Cunard is entertaining is Lord Berners, himself a composer of great talent, who has lately decorated a new house in Belgravia. There he keeps a wonderful bird of paradise in an alcove which he has miraculously turned into an aviary.

Mr. Harold Acton is another guest often to be found at Grosvenor Square. He and his brother possess an astonishing house in Bayswater filled with an unbelievable number of huge pieces of furniture which they buy continually in Florence where their father has a villa, and which they ship to England and store away in their house. Among their collection they have a curious set of silver chairs, table, and settee made in the shape of shells with dolphin legs. It has never been decided exactly who designed these chairs, but the only other possessor of them in London is Mr. Osbert Sitwell. The Sacheverell Sitwells have been staying with Lady Cunard on their return from Paris where they went after Lady Lindsay Hogg's wedding; Lady Hogg herself is also back in London and is looking for a house—she has not yet decided whether she will give up the stage or carry on both careers.

There was a certain amount of Twelfth Night celebrating in London last week, and the Splendide made it the occasion for giving their bright new cabaret show for the first time. After that there was Mrs. Arthur Ricketts' party in her lovely house in Queen Anne Street. It started with music, and continued in the interval before supper, with cake-cutting and the most delectable rum punch I have ever tasted. A most insidious drink, by the way. The music was mostly provided by Mr. Pavia, who played his own compositions, and who should be far better known to the stage and screen producers of light opera and musical comedy, for he has a special gift for creating lovely tunes, and most of us, like the great Arthur Rubinstein, do love a tune. Mr. Ernest Thesiger also contributed, though very briefly, to the entertainment by giving the shortest possible

(Continued on p. 96)



LADY CONYERS, MRS. HULL, AND LORD CONYERS

At the Belvoir fixture at Goadby Marwood last week, of which another snapshot appears in our hunting page. Lord Conyers was Joint Master of the Brocklesby for two seasons with his father, Lord Yarborough

THE LETTERS OF EVE—continued.

imitation of Mrs. Patrick Campbell, while Mr. James Agate made a neat and very tactful little speech about the actress he most disliked. Among the guests I noticed her hostess' sister, Mrs.

Robert Mathias, with two of her tall sons, Mrs. Lionel Harris looking extremely decorative, Miss Maud Allan who lives in one of those palatial houses in Regent's Park, and Mr. Glass who is off, like the rest of our bright young musical and artistic geniuses, to use his talents in America.

* *

Miss Constance Collier was given a farewell luncheon party at Ciro's before her departure for New York, where she is to play "The Matriarch." Curiously enough Mrs.

Patrick Campbell, who made such a success of the part over here, left for New York last week also, to play another rôle. I feel sure they will both be successful, as they are undoubtedly leaders of their profession. At Miss Collier's luncheon was Lady Hulton, Lady Dudley, who, as those who have read Miss Collier's amusing book, will remember, is one of her oldest friends; also Lady Tichborne, who is not long returned from the States, where she was very ill. She has come back looking quite lovely, and with the most wonderful figure like a sylph—the envy of all hunting women! Another couple only just over in London were Mr. and Mrs. Dudley Gilroy—Mr. Gilroy has charge of Mr. Macomber's horses in France—but they are going to stay over here for some months.

* * *

A few nights ago Mrs. Gordon Leith gave a small party in her new house in Hyde Park Square. She has only just moved into the house, which is very magnificent and beautiful, and surprisingly larger inside than it appears to be outside. Mrs. Leith has excellent taste, and takes great interest in the bathrooms, of which there is one to each room, which is unusual in a London house.

Among the guests Mrs. Leith entertained was Lady Portarlington, who has also just taken a new house quite near her old one. She will undoubtedly make a great success of her

new one, for there is nothing she does not know about the decoration of houses. Other beautiful women included the Marquise de Casa Maury, the Baroness de Forest, and Lady Brownlow; they all seemed to be dressed in white, and each looked more lovely than the last. Captain Norton was there, and his sister, Miss Kay Norton.

* *

We are most of us rather inactive about racing at this time of the year, except on really fine days and at the better-

known meetings, so it was a surprise to find so many enthusiasts, and many of them young and attractive women, at Chelmsford races last Wednesday. I decided that I would like to go there again, for it is an attractive little meeting, and easy to drive to from London, though I must admit that conditions were hardly ideal last week, for it drizzled a bit, and the horses were out of sight in the mist for some time.

* * *

But there were big fields and some pretty good horses running. Prince Carlo, who ran in the third race, was surrounded by an admiring group, for he was easily one of the best-looking animals out that day. Among his admirers I found Mr. "Moppy" Pilkington and his three daughters, who live at Boreham House, that attractive place with the lake and double avenue of elms just outside Chelmsford. It belongs to Lord Kenyon and is now in the market I hear. Miss Celia Palmer and Miss Jean Underdown I noticed too, and also Mrs. Shepherd, who is off at the end of the month to join her sister, Mrs. Oldham, at her villa at that delectable place, Funchal, in Madeira.—All my love to you dearest, yours ever, EVE.



THE HON. MRS. SANDARS' HOUSE PARTY AT GATE BURTON

Howard Barrett

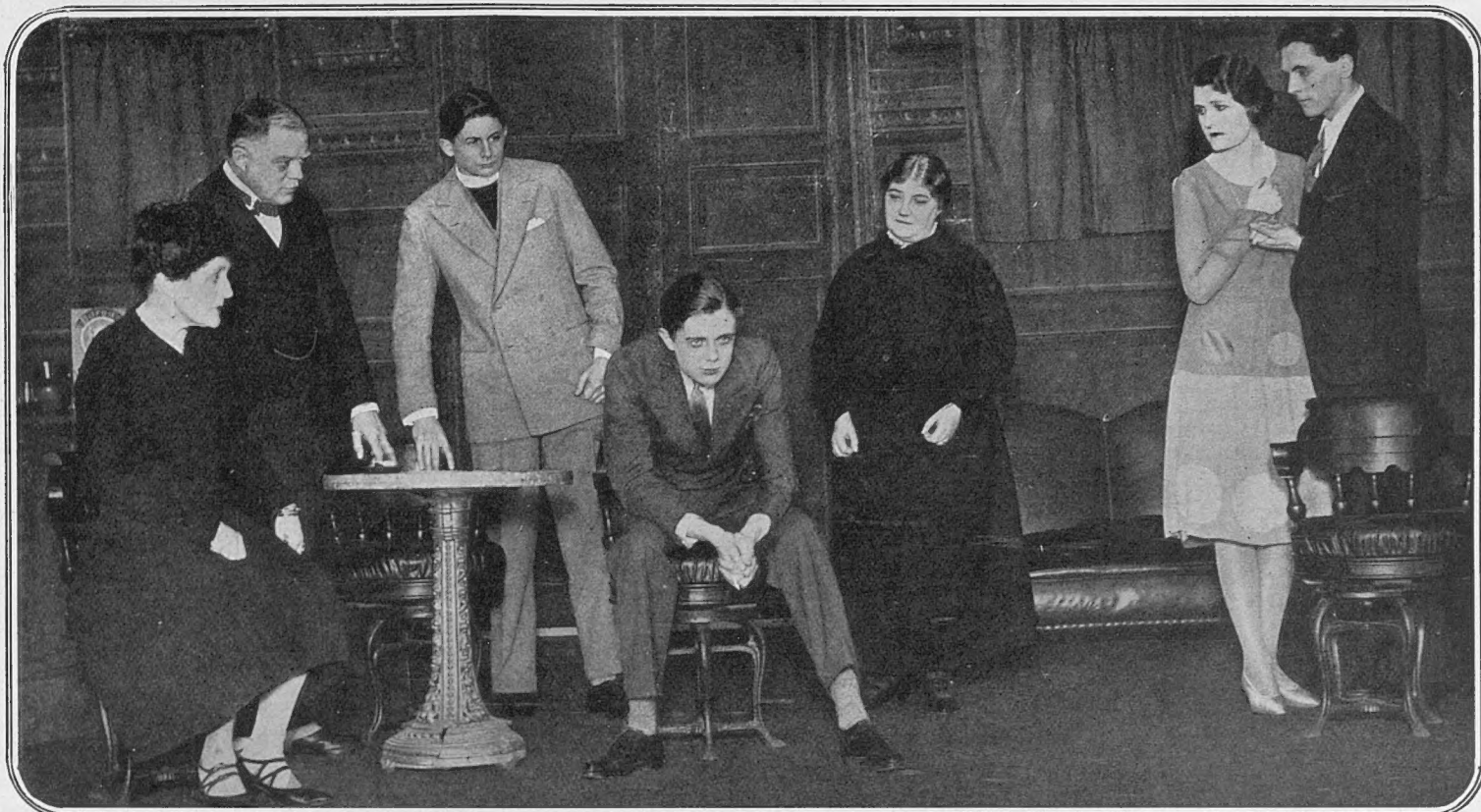
Included in this group of the house party which the Hon. Mrs. Sandars, Lord Graves' sister, had for the Lincolnshire Stuff Ball at Gate Burton Hall are, in addition to the hostess, Mr. and Miss Sandars, her son and daughter, the Hon. Adrian Verney-Cave, the Hon. Lucy Verney-Cave, Miss Dorothy Lane-Fox, Miss Ulrica Thynne, Miss Molly Burns, Miss Anne Drummond (a daughter of Lady Enid Drummond), Mr. Hamilton Russell, Mr. Hope Barton, and Mr. J. Hill



MADAME SOLNIKOFF

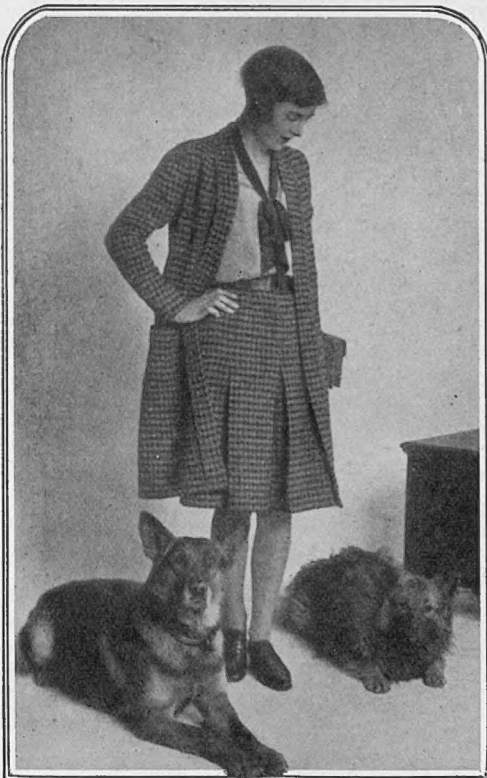
The wife of M. Solnikoff, the newly-appointed Ambassador of the Soviet Government. Previous to M. Solnikoff's appointment, diplomatic relations between this country and Russia had been in abeyance

TALKING ABOUT PEOPLE



THE STANSTED PLAYERS IN "OUTWARD BOUND"

The clever company of amateurs who have staged many successful productions in Lord Bessborough's model theatre at Stansted Park, gave two performances last week of Sutton Vane's well-known allegorical play "Outward Bound," in which the characters are fellow passengers on the ship of death. In this scene, reading from left to right, are: Mrs. Arthur James as Mrs. Cliveden Banks, Major T. W. G. Davis as Mr. Lingley, Mr. Arthur Ponsonby, Lord Bessborough's nephew, as the Rev. William Duke, Lord Duncannon, Lord Bessborough's only son, as Mr. Prior, Lady Susan Birch as Mrs. Midget, Miss Armstrong-Jones as Ann, and the Hon. Denys Buckley as Henry



Hay Wrightson

MRS. ROGER THORNYCROFT



LADY CHESHAM AND HER SON



MR. AND MRS. FRANCIS FRANCIS

Mrs. Roger Thornycroft was Miss Muriel Fenwick until her marriage last spring to Sir John Thornycroft's younger son. All animals are her friends, and her dogs, Turpin and Charlie, are very favoured personalities. Bembridge and the Solent know Mr. and Mrs. Thornycroft exceedingly well. The snapshot of Lady Chesham and the Hon. John Cavendish was taken when the Old Berkeley met at Latimer. Lord Chesham was formerly Master of these hounds, and during his absence in France his wife acted as Field Master. Mr. Francis Francis, who resigned his commission in the Blues to marry Miss Sunny Jarman, the pretty young actress, took his bride to Cannes for part of their honeymoon. A fine athlete and a more than useful boxer, Mr. Francis was born in America but is a naturalised Englishman



MR. GEORGE ARLISS IN
"DISRAELI"

The talking picture founded on the play is rated one of the best films ever produced and has been booked for an indefinite run at the Marble Arch Pavilion commencing on January 26. Mr. Dennis Eadie played the part in the stage play at the Royalty

the result is a mortifying and disastrous experience which I should be only too glad to imagine I had saved you from. I used to see in Mr. Farrell something elemental in young manliness, something suggesting Adam walking early in the morning. And I used to see in Miss Gaynor, with her marvellous and still unspoiled talent for broken-hearted smiling, a most human, sweet, and unaffected example of modern girlhood. But now their voices—sophisticated, cheap, charmless, slangy voices, magnified to the pitch of raucousness, shatter everything.

"Moreover, my two late ideals sing. Whenever and wherever a piano is at hand, Mr. Farrell sits down and sings to Miss Gaynor or to Miss Gaynor's photograph; it is an embarrassing business, his throat swelling with the strain of it, and not all this screen-player's familiar grace and smiling can condone the impertinence. And wherever and whenever Miss Gaynor can be alone with a piano-harp, which she makes believe to twang prettily, she too sings and sings, with less strain it is true, but with the same irrelevance and tedious artlessness.

"So, Mr. Agate, if you enjoy the smashing of idols and desire two—or nearly three—hours of exquisite and complicated discomfort, by all means go to *Sunny Side Up*; *Seventh Heaven* for all its sentimental excesses was a peaceful paradise compared with this optimistic nightmare!"

The second letter is from a disgruntled male down Bristol way:

"Dear Mr. Agate,—I suppose it is a type of vanity which makes one think that when an acknowledged authority on a given subject holds views which practically coincide with one's own, one thinks that man knows what he is talking about. But such is the case with your criticisms in THE TATLER and the personal views held by myself. For some unknown reason I am supposed to be a judge of what constitutes a 'good' cinematograph film, and it is gratifying to me that our views are so similar. I thought, however, that you attacked the talkies very early in their existence, and I confess that I refrained from going to see any on the strength of your criticism until, by error, I saw *King of the Khyber Rifles*, and though Myrna Loy's appeal was diminished by fully 75 per cent. when I heard her voice, I considered it an excellent evening's entertainment.

The Cinema : By JAMES AGATE

Three Letters

SOME little time ago it occurred to me to invite readers of THE TATLER to express their own views about the talkies. To-day's post-bag has, by a timely miracle, largely done away with this necessity since it brings me a symposium which is probably representative enough. The first letter, which is obviously from a lady, comes from Leicester:

"Dear Mr. Agate,—I have long wanted to write to thank you for the vigour if not for the helpfulness of your articles in THE TATLER. And after all, as you yourself would say, it is not the critic's business to be helpful, is it, Mr. Agate? But if everyone were to write who felt merely grateful to you I fancy your post-bag would soon reach impracticable dimensions. I am directly impelled to write to-night because I have a serious warning to give. Don't go to *Sunny Side Up* if you are still young enough to have any illusions left. I know that you are a staunch admirer of Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell. So was I—until to-night. The talkie-mongers have trapped them;

"Thereafter I decided that you had a bee in your bonnet and, by careful picking, chose *Behind That Curtain*, *The Perfect Alibi*, *This Is Heaven* (and how attractive Vilma Banky's broken English was, and how surprisingly hideous her deep bass voice!), and *The Letter* (once more marred by a strange intonation on the part of the heroine). Now I thoroughly enjoyed and recommended these, and everyone seemed pleased.

"But now for another matter. A new horror has arisen out of the ashes of the fiend who, at the silent drama, used to read sub-titles aloud! Have you heard him—the idiot who does not catch the allusions or remarks and who asks his or her partner, 'What did he say?' or 'What does that mean?' In the old days, by metaphorically shutting one's ears the sub-title reader could be banished. But now—what can one do? As for British films, the sooner we give up the ideas which seem to govern their present production and look to our old enemy, the Germans, who have shown us that the damned Yankee methods are not the only ones, the better.

"This year's (1929) worst was a travesty of circus-life called *The Three Kings*—kings indeed, they weren't even deuces! Closely following this was our aged friend Blanche Sweet whom I remember enjoying in 1912 or so, brought from the grave to act in the worst-lighted picture ever produced, *The Woman In White*. It is a good thing she was in white or nobody would have seen her at all. Long live Greta Garbo and Janet Gaynor! If you happen to be deaf you'll enjoy the latter as much as ever."

My third correspondent writes with the humour which is so characteristic of Palmer's Green:

"Dear Mr. Agate,—Although I am in complete accordance with the views you express when you rail at the talkie fans' blind assimilation of the lethal fare provided in the cinema to-day, I feel that you neglect to strike at the real root of the evil, or rather a strong contributory root. I refer to the too-adulatory Press.

"Upon no other subject under the sun is so much abject drivel written by presumably responsible persons. The chief attribute of the professional film critic would seem to be an entire lack of a sense of proportion, logic, or humour. Superlatives and hyperboles are lavished on every picture that rasps, shrieks, and whines its dreary way across the long-suffering screen. A golden-haired 'baby' has but to register canned emotion with an accompaniment of canvas-tearing sobs for a spate of hysterical praise, such as Duse in her heyday can never have evoked, to burst into print.

"When so-called critics with a vast circulation of readers lend themselves willingly or by force of necessity to this pandering to ignorant Hollywood standards, is it to be wondered at that the taste of the general film-going public is so deplorably low? The drama has men of culture, intelligence, and distinction, whose views may at least be taken as sincere and constructive, however much some of us may disagree with them. But to whom can the film public turn for intelligent instruction and guidance? With flaring advertisements of all the West End 'attractions' running alongside the criticisms thereof, one realises that candid comment is out of the question. But surely a happy medium might be attained.

"Most of my friends have reached the point when they refuse to believe a single line written about films by any critic (with about three exceptions), knowing that his judgment is likely to be warped by (a) the exigencies of advertising, (b) a heavy lunch after a morning-view or a champagne-party after a midnight-view, or (c) a fundamental incapacity of applying the ordinary laws of logic and criticism to any talkie.

"To-day I witnessed the talking-film version of Somerset Maugham's *The Sacred Flame*. Of course, there was a theme-song. But was it absolutely essential for the crippled hero, seated in a bath-chair in his garden, without the slightest possibility of an orchestra being within a five-mile radius, to break into:—

Near or apart, deep down in your heart
Keep alight that Sacred Flame for me!

Yet I have not the least doubt that I shall see the film announced as a 'stupendous, 100 per cent. heart-throb, all talking and singing.' And not one critic, with the possible exception of yourself, if you are unlucky enough to see it, will print the real truth."

That, dear readers of THE TATLER is that. Or should I say, those are those? How far do you agree?

SOCK AND BUSKIN !



Stage Photo Co.
MISS WINNIE MELVILLE (Mabel) AND MR. DEREK
OLDHAM (Frederic) IN "THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE"



Stage Photo Co.
IN "PUSS IN BOOTS": MISS GWLADYS STANLEY (Jack)
AND MISS KITTY REIDY (Princess Rosamund)



MISS DOROTHY WARD AND MR. SHAUN GLENVILLE
IN MANCHESTER AT THE PALACE THEATRE
IN AID OF THE V.A.B.A.



Stage Photo Co.
MR. FREDERICK RANALOW (Giglio), MISS SYLVIA NELIS (Betsinda), AND
MR. STANLEY VELVEN (Bulbo) IN "THE ROSE AND THE RING"

"The Pirates," in which are seen Miss Winnie Melville of the golden voice and her husband, Mr. Derek Oldham, have been carrying on their nefarious trade with as much success as ever at the New Savoy. The new Sheringham dressing of the opera seems to be very popular. Frederic, the pirate apprentice, in the picture above is saying to Mabel, "Take any heart; take mine." Miss Gwladys Stanley is the dashing principal boy in the Lyceum pantomime, and is seen making-up to the lovely princess, Miss Kitty Reidy. "The Rose and the Ring" is at the Lyric, Hammersmith, with Mr. Ranalow and Miss Nelis in the leads; and Miss Dorothy Ward, that beautiful principal boy, and Mr. Shaun Glenville, her husband, were selling souvenir programmes at the Palace Theatre, Manchester, for the variety ball to be held at the Midland Hotel, Manchester, in aid of the Variety Artists' Benevolent Association Funds. A most deserving cause

FROM THE SHIRES AND PROVINCES

From Leicestershire

THE New Year at Melton was ushered in with all the old-time customs and wishes, and good resolutions were carried out with the least possible delay. The gentleman who had resolved never to miss another chance started in with an orgy of promiscuous osculation, while some who had decided to be not only neater but more economical during the forthcoming era, packed the poker chips carefully away during the singing of "Auld Lang Syne," before they had been counted. Some of the larger losers who had resolved to be less sordid treated the whole matter with an unfeigned levity which was a credit to them. On New Year's Day the Quorn met at Baggrave for a children's day; a first-class idea to give them the chance they can hardly get in a big field of horses. Incidentally, George got the same chance and caught his fox for them, which luckily, not suffering from the least trace of anæmia, just lasted out the process of bleeding almost the entire field. Accidents keep on happening, and we regret to say that Major Pope, "Lexie" Wilson, and George Tongue, the Belvoir huntsman, have all been laid up for a week or two in the last few days. On Saturday, with the Master hunting hounds, the Belvoir had a rattling good day from Langar, while the Cottesmore turned the entire Burton Flats into plough. It was lucky that one lady took a deep breath before riding at a brook, as it was only the bubbles from her breathing that enabled her to be located. We are all very sorry that Reggie Farquhar's leave is up and that he has retired into the frozen north merely, let's hope, *pour mieux sauter* or to school some more to *sauter* for next season. Well done the 17th; the rails on to the railway were corkers.

Victor vanquished, Victor Wild
At being jumped on, yet he smiled
At her, "You're not hurt, I hope?"
No!! It wasn't who you thought.

The first fine Monday of the season turned out to be scentless and the Quorn could do very little in a good country. Our commiserations with Harry on his bad luck with horses.

His 1930 models should be fitted with casters and legs by Thurston. Fill in the attached coupon and guess who is getting up the "Venner" dance for the 18th. Two copies entitle you to two guesses and you'll still be wrong.

From the Beaufort

WE start the New Year by congratulating our Duke on the honour conferred on him by His Majesty, and wonder who, if any, will in return be honoured by the blue and buff. Everyone seems to have enjoyed Friday's hunt, although most of the field seem to have had one or two falls at least, and get wet. Most of the Greys were out, but there seemed to be a shortage of scarlet coats. The hunt ball was an enormous success, and Miss Ruth Morrison-Bell is to be congratulated on the able way in which she stepped into her sister's shoes and arranged everything. (Certain exceptions.) Having rather inferior wine may be a sound policy as there were not nearly as many dead men this year as last, and only one car is known to have been left derelict for the night. Whose was it? But oh, our heads next day! A great many of the ballers were late at the meet next day and missed a good hunt. It was quite evident that Tom had not been ball dancing over night as we've never seen him go better. There must have been a strange face in the City on Monday morning. Peggy's demonstration of the sliding seat was much appreciated. We hope poor "Spark's" leg is going on all right. We did our bit for Birdmarsh and surroundings on Monday for some time to come, thank you! Good sport

followed the Cherrington meet, although it must have been a most trying day for Master, his temper held out well. Lots of people drank Mr. Rhymer's health. Noel wants to know who stood on his chest. Those inviting-looking fences on the point-to-point course proved a death-trap—being all well and truly wired. It is feared Tommy lost some ivories when he and three others fell over the same strand. "Tom Thumbs" are at the top of the market now, but a slump is to be expected shortly.

From Warwickshire

THIS pack resumed hunting on Thursday at Depper's Bridge and were rewarded with a real good day. There was a long wait at Welch Road Gorse, but after ten minutes of acute suspense Cox's cheer proclaimed a find which warmed our sinking hearts, and then, what a game of grab for the outlet and the rails. This was a fox indeed; he ran at racing pace towards Napton, along the canal, and through Radbourne Spinney to the Bicester country, where he was killed in the open on top of Boddington Hill after a brilliant gallop of thirty-five minutes, a point of at least five miles. "Let the young and the jealous try hard for his place." The young get plenty of bouquets thrown at them, but when a veteran of seventy-four rides his own line

across this strongly-fenced vale and sees such a gallop through he deserves, not one bouquet, but a cartload. Cox hit the ground very hard during this run, and a good many others were trying to complete the course on Shanks' mare, having parted company with their own. The Member for Rugby was putting the fences behind him a deal faster than the House puts the clauses of a Bill, and needless to say Sky Line Tommy was as usual helping the hounds to catch the fox. Later we found in Watergall, ran across the main Coventry road, and so on to Radbourne, where this fox too was killed, so rounding off a capital day's sport. Hanwell on Friday was less fortunate, poor scent and short running members of the vulpine family; only thing of note seemed to be the number of people sitting in the brook.



LADY KATHLEEN ROLLO AND H.R.H. THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER
With the Belvoir at Goadby Marwood on the Leicestershire side of their country. Lady Kathleen Rollo is a sister of the Marquess of Downshire

From the Belvoir

Tuesday's sport was marred by an unfortunate accident to George Tongue, the huntsman. He broke a rib and tore the muscles of his back, and it will be several weeks before he can hunt again. On Wednesday, from Buckminster, Mr. Tongue, hunting the bitch pack, showed good sport. A fox from Clay Hill was hunted fast by Royces, past Coston Covert, and on nearly to Garthorpe, where he crossed some heavy plough and was lost. Another from Sproxton Thorns was hunted fast into the village, where hounds caught him. The day ended with a moderate hunt from Swallow Hole across Croxton Park and on nearly to Eaton Viaduct. On Friday, from Thorpe Latimer in appalling weather the dog hounds hunted a fox beautifully for nearly an hour over some of the deepest plough in the country. On Saturday, from Langar, Mr. Tongue again hunting the bitches, showed brilliant sport. The first fox from Granby Gap ran a circuitous course by Granby and Sutton, through Whatton, then very fast up wind to Langar Lane, where they were beaten after a good forty-five minutes. From Rectory they got away close to a fox and ran hard to the railway, then turned back and raced over a grand line to Elton, where they overhauled and killed him. The brook near Elton was very swollen, and though charged gallantly by the field, seven horses and numerous riders got well in. One enthusiast, leaving his horse to his fate, continued the chase on foot, but found his condition not quite equal to the deep going. Hounds ended the day by running fast from Normanton Little Covert to Staunton Grange, where they were stopped in the dark.

(Continued on p. iv)



THE FLOWER GIRLS IN "CHERRY RIPE": MISS NAN MARTIN, MISS MOLLIE BURNS, MISS SHEILA CLIFTON, AND MISS BURNS-HARTOPP

"AN EPIC OF THE REGENCY" AT LOUGHBOROUGH



MISS BETTY MANNERS (the Duchess of Devonshire), LADY RAVENSDALE (Mrs. Fitzherbert)



MR. JOHN GRETTON (the Prince of Wales), LADY BELPER (Mrs. Perdita Robinson)



MISS NORAH PASLEY ("Miss Lindy"), MR. TIM BODEN (Richard Brinsley Sheridan), MISS DAPHNE CALDWELL (Horatia, Lady Waldegrave)

Lady Huntingdon, who is always so untiring in her efforts on behalf of charity and of any institution needing financial aid, organised this "Epic of the Regency" pageant which was given at Loughborough, Leicestershire, last week in aid of the Young Women's Christian Association, and as will be observed, hunting and otherwise Leicestershire co-operated most nobly to make it a success. The period of the Regency affords plenty of scope for this sort of thing, and Sheridan's adventures alone, both dramatic and political, would provide a whole volume. Mr. Tim Boden did not (luckily perhaps) have to memorise Sheridan's indictment of Warren Hastings, or any other of this great orator's perorations



THE RIGHT HON. WINSTON CHURCHILL,
LORD STANHOPE, AND CAPTAIN WARDE

This snapshot and the accompanying one of Mr. Randolph Churchill, Mr. Winston Churchill's son, were taken at the Wolfe Society Birthday Dinner at the King's Arms Hotel, Westerham. Captain Warde of Squerreyes Court, president of the society, presided, and Vice-Admiral Sir William Fisher, Deputy Chief of the Naval Staff, was the guest of honour. Major-General James Wolfe, the hero of Quebec, died on the field of battle in 1759

Jealousy.

NOBODY is ever tired of telling somebody else not to worry. I suppose it is because other people's worries always look unimportant beside the worries of one's own. True it is that worry never once solves a problem; on the other hand I have often found that when you have worked yourself up into a perfect fury of apprehension things suddenly right themselves in a perfectly miraculous way, whereas a mood of careless indifference always acts as a kind of challenge to Providence to hurl a bottle. So that often it would seem rather as if worry were given us in order to bring us to our knees. We so seldom strike an attitude of humility when things are going right, whereas when they have gone wrong beyond avail there is no time for any kneeling; one has to be up and doing in order to put them straight—if possible. All the same, suspense is a dreadful act of endurance. Better the bitter blow than the suspended sword. You can rise again after a blow, but a suspended sword merely keeps you cowering. And among the more direful worries, jealousy is certainly among the bitterest to bear. Like ordinary worry, it excites no sympathy. Just as everybody else's worries seem trivial by comparison with one's own, so everybody else's hero has the most obvious feet of clay. I am talking, of course, about sexual jealousy. Professional or social jealousies and their ilk are questions only of the second-rate mind. These may be aches, but sexual jealousy is sheer torment. Moreover it is as illogical as love. Which is why no gentle adage of common sense ever did the least good. Therefore the transcendent personage who gravely informs one that true love knows no jealousy might just as well prate wisdom to the moon. Only perhaps within the shadow of death can love really and truly forgive, which is also to forget. All the same, however much sympathy I may have for the ordinary jealous lover, I find it difficult to sympathise with him, or her, when finally the truth is borne home to him that he now ranks among the discarded and the lost. It is the suspense, it is the haunting doubt, which make of jealousy one of the soul's most dreadful tortures. When the suspense and doubt exist no longer, then I always suspect that subsequent jealousy is not so greatly a question of outraged love as of outraged conceit. It is sometimes difficult to know where love ends and self-congratulation begins. See how the bride invariably clutches the bridegroom in any wedding group. He is hers at last!

A Story of Jealousy.

Jealousy is the theme of Helen Simpson's exciting novel, "The Desolate House" (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.). It is the lowest form of jealousy, however, namely revenge. When

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

By Richard King

Horatio Foster, who has become rich by profiteering during the Napoleonic Wars, loses his mistress to Sir Hilary Pomfret, he plans that the rest of his life shall be a ruthless campaign against his rival. As Sir Hilary is deeply in debt, he soon has him at his mercy. Secretly he buys up all his rival's debts and thus becomes his sole creditor.

At any moment he could evict him from his family estates. Which, in parenthesis, would have been a nastier form of revenge than that his daughter's coachman should throw a stone at his victim in an attempt to kill or injure him. The stone, however, misses its fatal mark, and henceforth Foster blackmails Sir Hilary's tenants to commit perjury in the trial which follows. This scene, a very long one by the way, gives the story a real distinction. Besides being vividly described, it allows us to perceive the queer administration of justice as it was practised in the reign of King George III. As a rule I am not over-partial to historical novels, but this one is excellent, partly, perhaps, because the plot is so exciting that it does not depend at all, or only accidentally, upon the era in which it is laid. Finally, let me add, Foster's revenge on his rival fails, as jealousy-cum-revenge nearly always does, its only success being to destroy the revenger. Until this happens, however,

Miss Simpson leads us through a thrilling story of intrigue and falsehood, culminating in a really dramatic incident which brings the story to a close. As a novel to read when you wish to forget your New Year worries—and they always seem to accumulate just when you are most determined to hypnotise yourself into a state of roseate hopefulness—it is just the very thing.

* * *

The Poet who Kept a Pub.

It is a pity that his publishers have compared young Mr. Eric Linklater to Mr. Aldous Huxley. The perfervid admirers of the latter author will resent the comparison, and those to whom his books make no appeal will be put off reading "Poet's Pub" (Cape. 7s. 6d.) altogether. As a matter of fact there is little resemblance between them; and, anyway, Mr. Linklater is "bright" enough to stand alone. In fact his novel is very "bright," if not very much more. Were the style a little less cynical in a must-be-clever-at-all-costs kind of way it might not altogether escape the verdict of being "jolly." Anyway it is all about a poet who turned "pub-keeper," although the word "pub," except in the way which a smart and expensive tea-shop is called "The Coal Hole," scarcely applies to the lovely old Elizabethan mansion turned into an hotel over which Saturday Keith, the hero, reigned as a kind of master of conversational ceremonies. The story, however, proceeds too slowly at the beginning, and it is not until the scene is set for an Elizabethan dinner that the extravagant fun really begins. Henceforth the story becomes a racket. A jolly racket, let me add, with a gentle villain threatening maidens with vitriol—really iodine—and a fascinating housemaid (in disguise of course) trussed up in a bedroom. It is all wild rather than rowdy fun, told, as it were, with a sense of laughter rather than a sense of wit. But it is amusing and readable and cleverly written, even though it has no meaning, no subtle meaning that is to say. But it passes the time excellently. It is worth reading.

(Continued on p. 104)



MR. RANDOLPH CHURCHILL

A BRAIN WAVE!

By George Belcher



"You want to get some of that mental snuff—it's wonderful how it clears yor head"

WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

The Vanishing Loveliness of England.

A universal love and appreciation of beauty for its own sake will surely mark the apex of the ultimate civilisation. Alas, that the world is still so far from being civilised. Very few people really love beauty; still fewer hate ugliness. It will only be through a hatred of ugliness however that beauty can come into its own. The trouble is that most people don't recognise ugliness when they see it. They are as indifferent to it as they are to beauty. That is the pity of it. Sometimes, indeed, it would appear that an indifference towards both ugliness and beauty is a democratic emotion. At any rate the disregard which modern democracies pay towards the spoliation of beauty is direfully ominous. Loveliness in music, in art, in literature, in architecture, in decoration, in the country-side—the mass of people care not two hoots for these reflections of the divine. You have only to open up some beautiful place to the public, and, without rigid inspection, that place will become overnight literally strewn with paper and bottles. It is only the very few who preserve beauty for any time whatsoever, and the mass only rarely pause to thank them. Metaphorically speaking, they would far sooner that the National Gallery were gutted rather than the saloon bar round the corner should suffer hurt. Which, in parenthesis, is the reason why such a group as is represented by the Royal Society of Arts is but as one among a few small voices bleating helplessly in the wilderness. Such a lovely volume as "The Cottages of England" (Batsford, 21s.), by Basil Oliver, makes a lover of beauty writhe as well as to give thanks. The book is part of the Society of Arts' many activities, and would that the price were smaller, so that it might hope to sow an occasional seed in the minds of those who destroy loveliness, to replace it by something monstrous as gaily as if the change could not possibly matter to anyone because it matters nothing to them.

As the title suggests, the illustrations are the more important portion of the book. The nucleus of them was begun by Mr. Herbert Batsford many years ago, and it has been added to by his son, and other men have also helped by drawings and designs. The result is a book which should make every Englishman proud as well as jealous of his inheritance. I fear, alas, that this pride and this jealousy will affect too few. One avaricious jerry-builder could have destroyed the Garden of Eden. He builds his dreadful bungalows and villas, and people gladly go to live in them, resenting neither their hideousness nor their squalid appearance, rising only up in their fury if the slate tiles leak or the damp rises through the floor. Until something is done on a big national scale to bring some kind of artistic order into the red-brick and concrete chaos of modern building I can see little or no hope for the preservation of our national inheritance of rural beauty. It is fine that some lovely stretch of country, some exquisite old village or mansion, should be preserved, but its fineness is half destroyed if the surroundings and the approach thereto should be littered up with a higgledy-piggledy crowd of buildings, some beginning as railway carriages, and all rendered vulgar by pink roofs and advertisements. So, to repeat, I would that this beautiful volume of English cottages could be distributed far and wide. Beauty once lost is lost for all time. One can only hope, however, that the good work of the Society of British Arts and kindred societies may go forward and prosper

before it is too late. It is little good waiting for public opinion to save the beauty of the country-side. Public opinion cares little or nothing for either beauty or the country-side. It has become so resigned to the belief that one cannot combine utilitarianism and beauty that there would scarcely be a protest if a petrol pump were placed within the shadow of Westminster Abbey. We live in an age when Peacehaven pleases and only a beautiful haven of peace is vile.

A Most Excellent Thriller.

"Who Killed Charmian Karslate" (the Bodley Head, 7s. 6d.), by Annie Haynes, is such a first-rate detective story that I can safely recommend it even to those who are bored to death by the writing multitude who follow clumsily in the footsteps of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle and Mr. Edgar Wallace, to mention only two of the masters of the detective story. Its quality is best expressed perhaps by the fact that there is no silly and tiresome amateur sleuth-hound allowed to interfere with the men from Scotland Yard. Charmian Karslate was an American actress who had recently made a big London success. She was invited down to spend a few days at the country house of Sir Arthur Penn-Moreton, and on the night of a big ball was discovered shot through the heart with her sapphire mascot missing. Among so many fellow-guests it was hard work for

Inspector Stoddart to bring the culprit to justice, and I defy almost any reader even to guess who the murderer was before actually he is arrested. This makes it so exciting. And because the author has so cleverly kept the discovery until the last moment, without, however, once leading us deliberately up some silly garden path for the sake of mystifying us, she has achieved a novel which is not only intelligent but exciting in the extreme.

And Why—not Knowing.

Should you expect the subtitle, "A Story of English Farm Life," of Emma Mortimer's novel, "The Unbidden Flame" (Hutchinson), to reveal anything of either the real country or a real farm, you will be disappointed. It is just rather a dull story which happens to be about a farmer and the country, because it might equally as well have been about a garage-proprietor and a garage. When I tell you that Robert Oliver smokes the best cigars, possesses a saloon car, and is so little bothered by harvest time that he gets up just before eight, you may guess that somebody or other doesn't know anything at all about either farmers or farming. Anyway, Robert at the age of sixty-five is suddenly seized by that marrying-again feeling. He does; to the usual empty-headed flapper, of course. Whereupon his daughter Catherine is gently but firmly pushed out of the parental nest. Happily she is in love. She is in love with a married man, whose wife, however, although the fact is unknown to her husband, is already married to somebody else. Which of course clears the way eventually for Catherine's happiness. Alas, therefore, that Catherine should be such a prig. Upon her return to her father's home after the new Mrs. Oliver's tragic motor accident, she behaves in such a self-satisfied way that I, for one, pity Dick Winpenny when he became free to marry her.

We wish to draw our readers' attention to an appeal on behalf of "The Friends of the Poor" on p. xvi of this issue



Child (to Mother, rouging, powdering, and perfuming): Beauty is hard work, isn't it mums?



Dorothy Wilding

MRS. LEZARD AND HER SON

Mrs. Lezard, who is so well known in Leicestershire, was married in 1928, and is the mother of Lord Northland, the Hon. Paul Knox, and little Simon Wardell. The newest little son was born a few months ago. Lord Northland, Mrs. Lezard's first husband, was in the Coldstream, and was killed in action in 1915, and her second husband, Commander the Hon. Geoffrey Mills, R.N.V.R., died on active service. The present young Lord Northland was born in 1913 and his brother a year later. Mrs. Norman Holden is one of Society's most popular hostesses, and is the wife of Mr. Norman Holden, the second son of the 1st baronet, Sir Edward Holden, the famous banker, and a brother and heir-presumptive of the present baronet, Sir Harry Holden. Wanda, Mrs. Norman Holden's daughter, married the Hon. Charles Baillie-Hamilton, who is the Earl of Haddington's brother

Two Recent Portraits
of People
Very Well Known
in
Leicestershire and
London Society



Cecil Beaton

MRS. NORMAN HOLDEN

Our Riviera Letter

MY DEAR TATLER, — We seem to be settling down now, after all our gaieties of the New Year, and I must say it is extremely wise to go to bed at a reasonable hour again, after five nights on end at daybreak. I have been spending a few days in Cannes, and find the Ambassadors more attractive than ever. They certainly have caught the art of lighting the restaurant to perfection, with the result that all

handicap of six which many players might envy.

As usual, the smart time at the Baccarat Rooms is between six and seven, and this evening there was a big crowd of eager watchers round the big baccarat table, where M. Zographos was taking the bank as usual. Amongst those at the table I was glad to see the Hon. Mrs. "Reggie" Fellowes out and about again; she looked very attractive in the simplest of dark blue suits and a *béret* to match. She and her husband have come round on the *Sister Anne* to spend the week-end at Cannes, having been at Monte Carlo ever since Christmas Day.

The new nightclub under the Cannes Casino, *Chez Brummells*, has taken on tremendously, and although it has only been opened about three nights, seems quite an old-established place. I saw Commander and Mrs. Grahame White there, she in a grey tulle dress and cloak which suited her very well indeed; also General "Tom" Bridges.

Prince and Princess Pierre of Montenegro, Mr. and Mrs. Rex Ingram (of film fame), and the Ranee of Pudukota, who looked perfectly lovely in white with ropes of pearls and some most magnificent diamond bracelets. That attractive person, Lady "Pat" Russell, is here once more with her husband, Mr. Henry Russell, and I saw also Colonel and Mrs. Cunliffe-Owen and Lord Queenborough.

The polo season opens to-morrow at Mandelieu, and I was interested to hear from Colonel Mathew-Lannowe, who is at the head of affairs, that the ground is in perfect condition and that he has a fine selection of good players to choose from. Major Phillip Magor, who has not played here for two years, is back again, also Madlener, Count de Madre, Mr. W. and Mr. A. Balding, and Mr. Freeck (the last-named a new player from Czecho-Slovakia), Major Lyons, and Mr. Tyrell Martin. Before this appears in print an interesting ceremony will have been performed by the Mayor of Cannes, in which Lord Derby will receive the freedom of the city of Cannes, in recognition of his great services in the cause of the Entente Cordiale, and also his help in the famous Anglo-French festivities at Cannes last Easter.

This week's lawn tennis has been particularly interesting owing to the fact that Mr. Alain Gerbault, the famous yachtsman, was making his first appearance in Cannes since his world voyage. He loves lawn tennis, but this takes second place to his wonderful voyages, and he is rushing back to Paris this week-end in order to supervise the building of his new boat (in which he is setting off once more next summer), and then coming back again in time for the great tennis tournament at Monte Carlo.



MR. LANDAU AND PRINCE STEPHEN SCHAMBERG-LIPPE

At the 'Country Club' at Monte, of which Mr. Landau is the secretary. He is a brother of Mlle. Nikitina, the famous dancer

the women look their best. They have all sorts of cunning spot-lights, besides a method of changing the scheme of colour for the whole ceiling decoration which is most intriguing. Naturally, as M. Domergue has a lot to do with it, things are bound to be original, for he is extremely modern and clever in his ideas, and is a very noticeable figure with his tiny black beard and keen, observant eyes.

There are so many newcomers in Cannes since I was here before Christmas that I feel quite bewildered. Princess Obolensky (Miss Alice Astor that was), Sir John and Lady Lavery (who, by the way, had a very bad crossing and are only just recovering), Lady Howard de Walden, Sir Hesketh Bell, the Michael Arlens (he is playing golf every day now and seems quite recovered after his appendicitis), Captain and Mrs. Francis (Miss Sunny Jarman that was) who are honeymooning here, Sir Alan Johnston who is just back at his villa, and Sir John Aird. It seems sad that the Aga Khan and his bride have left so soon, but I hear that they have gone to Genoa and will be back again later, as the Begum is tremendously keen on golf and has been taking quite a number of lessons. The Aga is extremely useful, by the way, and has a

M. NICOLAS ZOGRAPHOS AND A FRIEND

M. Zographos is rated the boldest and biggest player at the tables in Europe to-day, if not in the whole world. He is the head of the famous "Greek Syndicate" and has never been known to refuse a bet



MR. AND MRS. BROOKSBANK

At the Cannes Polo Club ground at Mandelieu on the opening day of the season. At one time it was rumoured that our International team might put in some winter practice at Cannes, but other arrangements have been made



MR. AND MRS. MICHAEL ARLEN

On the Croisette Golf Links, Cannes, last week. The famous playwright and novelist married a daughter of Count Mercati in 1928. Mr. and Mrs. Michael Arlen usually winter on the Côte d'Azur



THE HAUNTED MILL

By A. Davis



WHITE HORSE

The Senior Whisky of Scotland—Soft, Mellow and Mature.
Test it and let your palate judge!

*Edmund Harrington*

SPAIN'S PRINCESSES

T.R.H. THE INFANTA BEATRIZ AND THE INFANTA MARIA CRISTINA

A charming head study of the two daughters of Their Majesties the King and Queen of Spain. The Infanta Beatrice, who is the elder by two and a half years, will celebrate her twenty-first birthday on June 22. Both the Princesses are well known in this country and usually accompany the Queen of Spain when Her Majesty pays one of her frequent visits to Princess Beatrice at Kensington Palace. They were over shortly before Christmas and managed to fit in one or two days' hunting with Fernie's from Thorpe Lubenham Hall, the home of the Joint Master, Colonel Harold Wernher, and Lady Zia Wernher.



MLL. JANE AUBERT—AND FRIEND

Soubol, Paris

A new portrait of Jane Aubert, whose return to the Paris stage is a triumph in the American musical comedy, "Good News," at the Palace Theatre, Paris

GOOD NEWS, Très Cher! Umps . . . perhaps, and only because I am referring to the musical comedy just produced at the Palace, NOT to the various small annoyances which have been foisted upon us—*nous autres pauvres Parisiens*—for our New Year *étrennes*, such as another rise in the cost of omnibus and tram fares, to say nothing of the taxis and a few other little pee-cu-ni-ary troubles of the same order. And, of course, Paris has been shocked almost beyond expression by the Paisley Kinema tragedy. When the news came I happened to be at a big railway terminus during the home-rush hour. White-faced clerks and working men swore their reiterated "Nom de Dieu, de nom de Dieu de Dieu" with a sort of hushed horror; women were crying, great tears rolling down their cheeks, as they read the bare and brutal facts announced by the first telegrams, and a shuddering silence fell on the vast crowd. It seems so incredible to French women that so many tiny children could have been packed, almost unattended, into any public place of entertainment . . . and a dark kinema above all. It often appears to foreigners that French children are "kept up too late at nights," are taken to "plays they have no business to see," are "fed unwisely and given wine to drink" . . . I heartily agree, but on the other hand they are protected in their amusements and walks abroad by adult supervision as in few other countries; such a holocaust of young lives seems, therefore, unbelievable over here, and because of this feeling the terrible facts appear all the more utterly tragic.

Good News at the Palace is quite one of the gayest (and noisiest) musical comedies that the States have yet sent to Paris via, I believe, London, where it was produced by an all-American company in the summer of '28. I gather that the critics were not very enthusiastic, and complained of the noise and speed of the performance but conceded to a certain number of agreeable tunes and to the excellence of the dancing. Over here we are inclined to endorse this verdict, BUT only inclined . . . certainly there is a good deal of noise and the plot is amazingly feeble and the comedy is not always very comic; on the other hand the cast is (exception made for the delightful British "girls" and half-Canadian little Meg Lemonnier) all-French and "cessively" 'cintillating at that. Jane

PRISCILLA IN PARIS

Aubert, in the Fregolian and Cinderella-like rôle of the pretty cousin who camouflages her beauty beneath a poke-bonnet, makes a welcome return to stardom and the Paris stage. At one time her appearance was problematic, for she is in the midst of obtaining a divorce from her husband, Colonel Nelson Morris, who had vetoed her return to the footlights. . . . Her welcome and her success were all the greater. Jane Aubert has quite the prettiest voice on the Paris musical-comedy stage, fresh and young and perfectly natural. She has also learned, during her all-too-long absence in the States during her marriage, how to move and dance most gracefully, and her acting is delightfully demure and dainty.

* * *

Pierre Meyer, a very good-looking young actor with a fine voice and neat way with his feet (who is, incidentally, the son of the owner of "Old England," that big shop at the corner of the rue Scribe and the Grand Boulevards), plays "opposite" Jane Aubert . . . he is all that one demands a musical comedy hero to be 'cept a thought ladylike in his love scenes. John Sorbier (another Son of Trade, his fond parent selling hats in the rue Lafayette . . . and very nice shapoo they are too!) scores a big success as the superstitious trainer of the 'Varsity Rugby team who goes about with a salt-cellar scattering salt over his left shoulder; he has a charming voice as has already been revealed in his *tour de chant* at the Empire and elsewhere. Pasquali and Meg Lemonnier form the usual song-and-dance couple, and their rendering of the 'Varsity Drag was one of the *clou* of the evening

* * *

At the interval I went into Jane Aubert's dressing-room to congratulate her; I found myself walking up the iron stairs a couple of steps in front of Mistinguett, who was obviously on the same purpose bent . . . we had not spoken for over two years and I had no intention of breaking my silence, but on the threshold of Jane's rose-coloured buddywore Mis *bonjourned* me with such charming injured innocence that I fell for her once more (as most people do in the end), and a most touching reunion was accorded Jane's smiling blessing.—With love, Très Cher. PRISCILLA.



MADAME COLETTE AND HER 'DAUGHTER

Madame Colette is the great writer and the authoress of "Chéri," "The Claudines," "La Naissance du Jour," and many other world-famous novels. She is also dramatic critic to the "Revue de Paris." She is here seen at home with her daughter, Colette de Jouvenel, and her animals. It will be remembered that Colette was married to Senator Henry Jouvenel, ex-Cabinet Minister and High Commissioner of Syria, who represented France at the League of Nations for several years



GRETA GARBO TAKES TO THE TALKIES

These two "shots" show Greta Garbo in her first talking picture, the screen version of Eugene O'Neill's fine human drama, "Anna Christie," directed by Clarence Brown for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. She plays the part created by Pauline Lord in the stage production given in London in 1923, and the excellence of her recording voice promises her a big success in her new venture. Born in Stockholm some twenty-four years ago, Miss Garbo made her debut in a Swedish film, afterwards proceeding to Hollywood under the wing of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, for whom she has starred in numerous important pictures. She is tall, fair, and blue-eyed

Clarence Sinclair Bull

GRETA GARBO IN "ANNA CHRISTIE"



LIVING PAGES FROM HISTORY



THE QUEEN'S LADIES: MISS ISMAY CRICHTON-STUART AS MARY SEATON AND MISS JEAN SCOTT AS MARY HAMILTON

LADY MARY GRAHAM AS MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS



MISS M. LEICESTER-WARREN AS LADY LEICESTER

Right: Miss Jean Scott, Lady Mary Graham (as the Duchess of Richmond), Lord Reay (as the Duke of Wellington), Miss Drummond-Moray, and Miss Grace Drummond-Moray. At back: Miss Ismay Crichton-Stuart, Mr. J. Drummond-Moray (as the Duke's A.D.C.), and Miss M. Leicester-Warren



THE EVE OF WATERLOO: AT THE DUCHESS OF RICHMOND'S BALL

The Porteous Hall at Crieff was recently the setting for some excellently produced historical tableaux organised for the benefit of the Perthshire Nursing Association Funds. Many famous and romantic figures were brought to life, and Lady Mary Graham, the Duke of Montrose's elder daughter, was chosen to impersonate the ill-fated Queen of Scots. Two of the Queen's four Maries are seen here, namely Lord Bute's niece, Miss Ismay Crichton-Stuart, and Miss Jean Scott, Lord George Scott's daughter. In another scene Miss Margaret Leicester-Warren, Mr. and Mrs. Cuthbert Leicester-Warren's daughter, represented her ancestress Lady Leicester. The Duchess of Richmond's historic ball, given in Brussels on the eve of Waterloo, was the subject of yet another very effective tableau, with Lord Reay, the Chief of the Clan Mackay, as the Iron Duke. Miss Drummond-Moray and her sister and brother are the children of Captain Drummond-Moray of Abercainey, Perthshire



LADY MARGARET DOUGLAS-HAMILTON AND HER BROTHER, LORD MALCOLM DOUGLAS-HAMILTON

Lady Margaret Douglas-Hamilton is the younger of the two daughters of the Duke and Duchess of Hamilton, and is to be married on February 1 to Mr. James Drummond-Hay. The wedding will be in Salisbury Cathedral. Lady Jean Douglas-Hamilton, Lady Margaret's elder sister, married Mr. Charles Mackintosh, the Scottish Rugger International. Lord Malcolm Douglas-Hamilton is the third of the Duke and Duchess of Hamilton's four sons, and is a Flight Cadet in the R.A.F. The heir is the Marquess of Clydesdale, who is one of the very few amateurs who has had the gloves on with Gene Tunney

Photographs by Yevonde, Victoria Street.



THE PASSING SHOWS

"The Sleeping Beauty," at Drury Lane

HIS MAJESTY craned forward to look out of the window of the Royal car (sixpence for the first half mile) at the grave risk of decapitating himself on his Eton collar. Every clock in Piccadilly told a different story.

"That one," he said anxiously, "says twenty minutes to eight. I know we shall be late."

"Sire," I replied, "it lies; we shall not be late. Did I not bath, dress, and eat my dinner in seventeen minutes? Am I not suffering from indigestion at this moment? Permit me to direct your attention to the electric signs. Some of them are both ingenious and amusing."

We entered the stalls just as Mr. Herman Finck was conducting one of his pot-pourri of popular and patriotic airs. Tactfully I suggested to His Majesty that to sit on the Royal overcoat would ensure a more advantageous view of the stage and at the same time involve little or no loss of prestige. The suggestion being accepted in the spirit in which it was offered, we passed into Fairyland, after the Clown (Mr. Lawrence Barclay) had warmly declaimed a prologue which reminded us that pantomime had not been dead all these years but merely asleep, waiting to be awakened by the friendly greeting of Old Drury. Just like *The Sleeping Beauty*, in fact, though with a shorter interval for slumber.

* * *

All this began to happen at 7.45 p.m. on January 2, 1930. At 11.20 p.m. on January 2, 1930 (one hundred years having elapsed in the first *entr'acte*), we emerged into Catherine Street and a fine drizzle, failed to attract the attention of the Royal car and others remarkably like it, and decided to return to the Palace by tube. Except that, when the lift began to descend, His Majesty was left behind (a fact which I beg you will not mention in Court circles), we reached our destination without incident. Then, being both tired and hungry, we repaired to the Royal nursery for the second time during that



CLARIBEL

Miss Amy Brandon-Thomas wears the halo and white wings of the Immortals with all the assurance of a good fairy whose magic wand is too potent for the witch's broom



THE ROYAL CAR

This 1930 model with the hen-pecked King (Mr. James Craig) at the wheel, and his Consort (Mr. G. S. Melvin) behind, looks remarkably like a bath-chair when viewed from the other side

evening of one hundred years, four hours, and thirty-five minutes. Although lacking the glamour of the apartment occupied by the Princess Beauty (Miss Eve Gray), His Majesty, prior to the removal of his trousers by the Queen Mother, was graciously pleased to give therein an imitation of Rudolph the Reckless (Mr. Jay Laurier) pulling the lever in the turret-chamber of the haunted tower, whereby the wicked witch, Maligna (Mr. Mark Turner), descended with all her demons into the burning fiery furnace prepared for the gallant Princess and her Royal parents.

Meeting His Majesty at breakfast next morning, I begged him to convey to paper any impressions he might have condescended to form during the entertainment which it had been our joint privilege to witness. Encouraged by a new fountain-pen, the Christmas gift of a reigning uncle, one or two sentences took shape in the course of the morning. Although these fragments offer no grounds for supposing that the author is destined in the fulness of time to step into the shoes of Mr. James Agate, I take leave to record them as they stand.

"I will begin by saying that the dancing was very good, especially Marie Neilson and the sixteen Lawrence Chorus girls.

"Jay Laurier was very good and also funny, and kept the audience in a steady



PRINCESS BEAUTY

Pretty Miss Eve Gray, of film fame, as the Princess who sleeps for a hundred years, suggests that even in Fairy-tale-land princes prefer blondes



AN OLD FRIEND

Miss Clarice Hardwicke, the much-liked comedienne of "Rose Marie" and other Drury Lane musical comedies, has

all too little to do as the Princess's maid

mime, which Mr. Julian Wylie, aided by six authors and fifteen composers, has devised and produced with his customary flair for spectacle and mechanics, should be judged, like all other pantomimes, by the children and not by their elders—he would have me say that Princess Beauty was enchantingly pretty; that Prince Florizel (Miss Lilian Davies) sang beautifully and looked smarter every time he changed his dress (which must have been every five minutes); that the Good Fairy (Miss Amy Brandon-Thomas) was both good and fairy-like; that the hen-pecked King (Mr. James Craig) was awfully funny, while the Queen (Mr. G. S. Melvin) was positively a scream, though not quite such a loud one as Rudolph.

And in that comparison honour is satisfied. For the grown-ups, Mr. Melvin is the It of what a pantomime dame should be in an entertainment which owes something to musical comedy and revue, even if it borrows nothing from jazz. He is not one woman, but many, and each one is more than a clever choice of clothes and make-up. A subtle spice of something suspiciously like cruelty distinguishes the Tennis Queen as she emerges unexpectedly from the be-cobwebbed débris of the royal throne tottering under its century of faery slumber. The bandeau, the walk, the arching of the eyebrows, the pats to the hair—these touches are worlds away from the traditional dame whose assumption of femininity encompasses little more than a generous revelation of red-flannel bloomers beneath an oft-lifted skirt. The Girl Guide with rabbit teeth and the roseate hues of early dawn in her nose, is a shade less satirical, but the finger of the caricaturist has clearly assisted Destiny to shape this spinster's ends. As for the fur-coated, short-skirted creature with the long cigarette-holder, this shingled siren (dare I say it?) might almost have stepped out of this very paper—"Miss Blank (on foot) at a recent meet of the . . .!"

roar of laughter all the time; he also had a very clear voice and spoke well.

"The scenery was excellent. I think Scene 4, 'The Kitchen of the Palace,' and Scene 13, 'The Toyland Railway Station,' were easily the funniest scenes; other people may not think so.

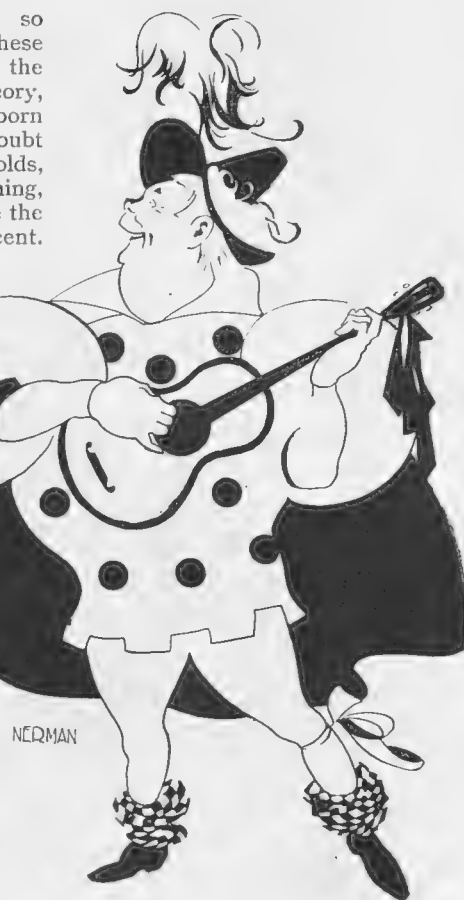
"All through this most exciting and good play they had excellent dresses, especially the chorus girls. I think we ought to mention the people with good voices. Clarice Hardwicke did not sing very much, but when she sung 'The Wedding of the Painted Doll' I thought she sung extraordinary well."

I have the author's word for it that only the arrival of lunch precluded a reference, couched in the warmest terms, to each and every other Mortal and Immortal on the programme. He would have me say for the benefit of his contemporaries—and I insist that this panto-

Character-studies so sharp-shafted as these fly over the heads of the people for whom, in theory, pantomimes are re-born every Boxing Day. I doubt whether the theory holds, certainly in the evening, because at Drury Lane the average age of 90 per cent. of the children round me must have been at least fifty. Which only shows how faithful we are to old habits.

But if Mr. Melvin's versatile brilliance as a comedian was a shade too finely drawn for those of unriper years no blame attaches to Mr. Wylie. He gave them Mr. Laurier, who understands them as they understand him, and always have done almost ever since I can remember. So everybody got what they wanted and so much besides that I hesitate to say that I thought that some of the scenery rather dull and sadly missed those popular ditties that everybody should be singing at this time of year, even if they do happen to come from America.

But I must cling to my convictions that 'grown-ups' have no business at a pantomime without at least one child, and refer all who are kind enough to read these pages—instead of merely glancing at Nerman's pictures—to the sentiments previously expressed, by one whose opinion is far more important than mine. Granted that this occasion was the first on which my colleague had patronised a theatre in the evening, there can be only one inference; which is that your sons and daughters, nephews and nieces, should be taken not singly but by battalions to Drury Lane before peace and desolation reign side by side at the stern call of the Easter term.



RUDOLPH THE RECKLESS

Alias Mr. Jay Laurier, a great favourite with the children. Nerman might have drawn him on his live donkey with electric eyes

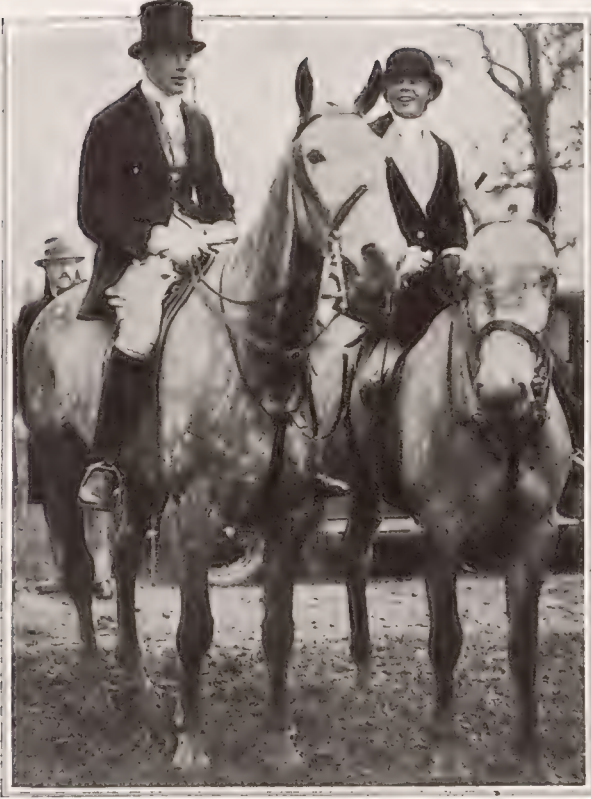


THE PRINCIPAL BOY

Miss Lilian Davies makes Florizel a serious-minded Prince, dashing but not too breezy, and, of course, a singer of great accomplishment

Just in case I should be accused of laziness, I would add that the story is faithfully adhered to; that the Queen observes all the rules by cutting out paper patterns in a dingy kitchen one moment and sweeping down the throne-room in velvet and ermine the next; that the minor mechanical effects, such as the royal car, which is a bath-chair when reversed, and the wireless set which is also a Tooting tram, are neat if not gaudy; that there is a pageant of nations in the Palace, and a grand staircase for the finale, down which the principals troop in order of precedence and gorgeous clothes; that Meccanoland is a marvel; that the march of the White Guards is positively dazzling, and that the vast army of shrill-voiced children who ought to be in bed are terribly clever and immensely popular.

"TRINCULO."



WITH THE BEAUFORT: MR. WORTHINGTON
AND MISS BRASSEY



THE INFANTRY: LADY GRIMTHORPE, MRS. EDGAR BRASSEY, LADY AVICÉ
MENZIES, AND THE HON. MRS. ARTHUR CRICHTON



MISS SCOTT AND MISS CRICHTON



MR. BUXTON AND CLARE,
LADY COWLEY



MISS GERRARD AND MISS V. HIBBERT



COLONEL AND MRS. TURNER AND THEIR DAUGHTERS

It has been alleged ere now that "the man as does much dancin' won't do much fox-'untin'," but the authority whose words are quoted said nothing about the other sex, and in any case has been proved to be wrong quite frequently, for quite a number of people have been known to make even a scalded cat blush, the way they go after a hunt ball. When the Beaufort met at Sevington, near Chippenham, after their hunt ball, bravery in the subsequent proceedings was an outstanding feature. Miss Brassey, who is in one of the top pictures, is Colonel and Mrs. Edgar Brassey's daughter. Their house is Dauntsey Park, Chippenham. Lady Grimthorpe is from Yorkshire way, and Lord Grimthorpe is a former Joint of the Middleton. Lady Avicé Menzies is a sister of Lord De La Warr. Clare, Lady Cowley, is a daughter of the late Sir Francis Stapleton



BREAKING COVER

By Patrick Bellew



"THE MORN FOR HIM I

THE BEAUFORT HOUNDS—AN AUTUMN MORNING AT BADM

By Lionel Edwards, A



"TIM HATH JOVIAL EYE"

AT BADMINTON—TOM NEWMAN THE HUNTSMAN IN FRONT

Edwards, A.R.C.A., R.I.



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AT THE BLACKMORE VALE BALL; Mrs. Bellingham and Captain De Wend Fenton



THE BLACKMORE VALE BALL: The Hon. Blanche Arundell and Captain Allhusen

Hunt balls and other light fantastic toe entertainments are going a great gallop at the moment all over the country, and it is not easy to keep upsides with them pictorially or otherwise. The Blackmore Vale had theirs at historic Sherborne Castle, Lt.-Col. F. J. B. Wingfield Digby's (the Master's) seat, and a big success it was—and very much in the right spot. The Albrighton had their's at Chillington, on whose then frozen lake mad Jack Mytton, so the story goes, went duck-shooting in his nightshirt, pyjamas not having been invented at that time. Brigadier-General Hickman, who is in the group with the present Master, Captain Monckton, is a very distinguished ex-Master



AT THE LINCOLN STUFF BALL: Mr. Barton, Mr. Hill, Mr. Hamilton-Russell, Mr. G. Sande, the Hon. A. Verney Cave, Miss D. Lew-Fox, Miss M. Burns, Miss M. Thynne, Miss R. Sanders, Miss Ann Drumsuch, the Hon. Lucy Verney Cave



Lady Helena Fitzwilliam and Lord Acton at the Albrighton Ball



Lieut.-Colonel F. J. B. Wingfield Digby, M.F.H., and Lady Essex at the Blackmore Vale



THE ALBRIGHTON HUNT BALL AT CHILLINGTON HALL: Sitting—Brigadier-General Hickman, C.B.E., D.S.O., Mrs. W. Giffard, O.B.E., Mrs. T. Giffard, Mrs. Monckton, Lady Mander; standing—Mr. T. Giffard and Captain R. Monckton, M.F.H.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR HOUSE PARTY



MR. GUY CARLTON, MISS ROSE BINGHAM, AND
MR. OSWALD DARRELL



ON A HUNTING MORNING: MISS KATHERINE HORLICK,
MR. A. C. HOLLAND, AND LADY HELEN HAY



MR. HAMISH ST. CLAIR-ERSKINE AND
LADY MARY ST. CLAIR-ERSKINE



H.R.H. PRINCESS ASPASIA
OF GREECE



PRINCESS ALEXANDRA OF GREECE,
MRS. HORLICK, AND JAMES HORLICK

H.R.H. Princess Aspasia of Greece and her little daughter, Princess Alexandra, were among the large contingent of guests who spent a very happy New Year with Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. James Horlick at Little Paddocks, Sunninghill, the setting for so many pleasant house parties. Various activities were indulged in, a hunt with the Garth providing a release of energy for, among others, Miss Katherine Horlick and Lord and Lady Tweeddale's eldest daughter, Lady Helen Hay. Lady Mary St. Clair-Erskine is Lord Rosslyn's daughter by his third marriage, and will be eighteen this year. Lieut.-Colonel Horlick, who is Sir Ernest Horlick's brother, was Member for Gloucester for six years, and served in the Great War with the Coldstream Guards. His wife is a daughter of the late Colonel Cunliffe Martin, C.B.

ENGLISH STARS IN HOLLYWOOD



MISS SALLY O'NEIL AND MR. REGINALD SHARLAND IN "THE FIRE-WALKER"



MR. AND MRS. CLIVE BROOK AND FAMILY AT HOME

Some of the people who have made the best American films are English artists, and right at the top are such fine actors as Charlie Chaplin, Clive Brook, and Ronald Colman, to say nothing of Victor McLaglen. And now Reginald Sharland, who is the husband of beautiful Annie Croft and is one of our best musical comedy and revue stars, has made so good in a Hollywood talkie called "The Fire Walker" that he has been signed on for a long contract to appear in many other films. Sally O'Neil, his opposite lead, is an American and made her first hit in 1925. "Journey's End" has now been filmed in Hollywood and is practically British throughout. George Pearson, who is directing, is English, and Colin Clive plays his original part of Stanhope



IN "JOURNEY'S END": COLIN CLIVE (Captain Stanhope), CHARLES GERRARD (Mason), IAN MACLAREN (Osborne), AND BILLY BEVAN (Trotter)

BUBBLE &

AN Irish landowner was driving a guest to a house in a gig. They entered the lodge gates and had proceeded only a few yards up the drive when there was a report, and a bullet whizzed past their heads. The landowner whipped up his horse, but they had only advanced a short distance when another bullet shot by. Just then the gig swung round a corner out of danger.

"Who was that shooting at us?" asked the nervous guest.

"Oh, only my lodge-keeper," replied the other calmly.

"Why don't you sack him, then?" continued the guest.

"Sack him! Good heavens, man, he's the worst shot I've had."

Here is another story told by the great little Scottish comedian, Sir Harry Lauder:

A minister in Andrew Carnegie's old home-town of Dunfermline felt called upon to remonstrate with one of his flock who occasionally got drunk. The "drouth" resented the interference of his spiritual adviser.

"Now look ye here, meenister, I've heard ye admit that ye tak' a glass yersel' after yer dinner. Is that not so?" asked the man.

"Yes, that is so," said the minister.

"An' ye'll hae a drop o' toddy before ye gang to yer bed. Am I richt, sir?"

"I confess that I do like a tumblerful of toddy at night, James; it helps me to sleep. But what has all this got to do with your drunken habits?"

"Yes this, sir! Ye admit yersel' to twa drams a day. That's fourteen guid nips a week, or sixty every month. I only get drunk once a month when I get my pay. Now, if I drank as much as you I'd be blind for a week. The difference between you and me is that ye shift mair whisky than I do, only ye time yer drams better!"

A man who was pretty well "canned" picked up the telephone.

"Hello! Hic! Hello!"



H.M. KING VICTOR OF ITALY

His Majesty was born in Naples in 1869, but he carries his years magnificently, and this in spite of a reign which has not been untroubled with at times grave anxiety and personal peril. The marriage of his son, the Crown Prince Umberto, to the beautiful Belgian Princess Marie José also must have given cause for great anxiety on account of the Bolshevik plot

SQUEAK

"Hello," returned the operator.

"Hello!"

"Hello!"

"My gosh," said the man "how this thing echoes!"

A political meeting in the village hall was being continually interrupted by a heckler in the back row. "I want an honest answer to my questions," he roared, "I'll take nothing but 'Yes' or 'No.' All this beating about the bush won't do for me."

"Very well," said the exasperated speaker, "I'll try to oblige. What do you want to ask me now?"

The heckler tried a very old trick on him. "Have you stopped beating your wife?" he inquired.

To the amazement of the assembly, the speaker shook his head. "No," he replied, "I beat her this morning."

For a moment the heckler was speechless. "What!" he yelled at last. "You admit that you beat her?" The speaker nodded. "Yes, I do, I beat her at golf, three up and two to play."

Here is a story of an unpopular vicar. The villagers had been talking about him, and he anxiously questioned his gardener thereon. "What did they say?"

he asked. After much hesitation the gardener replied: "They sez, surr, as 'ow ye be not fit to feed pigs." "Oh!" cried the horrified vicar, "and what did you reply?" "Oi? Oi stuck up fer ye, Oi did, surr. Oi sez as 'ow ye wurr."

"Well," said the pedestrian to the village constable, "this is right off the beaten track, anyway. You can't get much traffic trouble here!"

"Oh, I dunno," was the reply, "only last week we had a bit of a collision 'ere between Old Barker's bathchair and the postmistress' tricycle."

Little Johnny having been taken to tea with his grandmother was found crawling on the floor.

"What are you doing, darling?" asked his mother.

"Looking for the very poor table you said granny keeps," explained the child.



H.R.H. PRINCE UMBERTO OF ITALY AND H.R.H. PRINCESS MARIE JOSÉ OF BELGIUM

By Autori

Whose wedding took place in Rome on January 8. The most extraordinary International police precautions were taken by reason both of the recent dastardly attempt on Prince Umberto's life in Brussels and the discovery in Paris of a widespread anti-Fascist plot engineered by the Russian Third International



FOR the point-to-point, or any of those out-of-doors occasions which bad weather always attends . . . supremely soft leather, of dark, rifle green, quietly distinguished by natural black musquash. The lining matches the dress (a gossamer light tweed with tiny checks), as do the beret and bag.

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LORD AND LADY EBRINGTON WITH THEIR SON, THE HON. PETER FORTESCUE, AND NIGEL GRAHAME

At a recent meet of the Quorn at Shroby Cross Roads. Lord Ebrington is Lord Fortescue's son and heir. Lord Ebrington's sister-in-law, the Hon. Mrs. Denzil Fortescue, who was Miss Trotter, got a bad fall with the Bicester the other day and badly damaged a leg

ANOTHER example of the kind of thing our hardly-used M.F.H.'s have to bear has just been sent to me from a country not so very far off the one in which there are so many hard-thrusting Dianas, who, as demonstrated, are only controlled by a Master who is an adept at satire.

Hounds had just made a good three-mile point and were more or less at fault. Whilst they were casting themselves, four people (who shall be nameless) jumped an ordinary plain fence, to be on the safe side, but the Master, who was hunting hounds, decided to "try back." As he lifted hounds, he turned round and said, "If any of you four catch him, let me know!"

It has been suggested to me by various M.F.H.'s, ex-M.F.H.'s, and other keenly interested people that an appeal to a certain section of THE TATLER readers in connection with the recent removal of divers chattels without previously obtaining any definite instructions upon the matter from the owners may have the desired results. The section of our readers indicated is one composed of the high-class firm of burglars who have recently cleaned out two houses belonging to well-known M.F.H.'s, and have even made free with the belongings of one of the pillars of the journalistic world. As the firm has at least two Rolls-Royce cars, is well-dressed enough and good-looking enough to have its joint and several photographs put into the Society pages of THE TATLER, my clients feel certain that a note on this page is bound to catch their eye. It is asked that the firm returns, either to me, or to the various people from whom the articles in question have been borrowed, all medals and other decorations, heirlooms, presentation bits of silver, such as hunting-horns and so forth, and I am fully authorised to say that no inconvenient question will be asked. Of course my clients do not expect that any pearls or diamond necklaces or things like that will be sent back, but they will not object if they are. Tapestries and pictures I suggest might be sent back because they are so bulky and also rather troublesome, I imagine, to get through the "fences." My clients feel that they are dealing with gentlemen, and are sure that their not unreasonable request will be received in the spirit in which it is meant. The firm's tasteful hunting-box, somewhere near the Heythrop-Bicester frontier, is well known to the police, but so well is the scent foiled that even the keenest-nosed sleuth has not been able to throw his tongue. The senior partners are believed to go extremely well with these and other packs like the South Notts, Quorn, and Belvoir, and my clients feel further emboldened by this circumstance in putting forward this appeal as from one foxhunter to another. Any contributions sent through me will be suitably and most politely acknowledged.

Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache."

Major-General Sir Bernard James, who is the moving spirit in the National Horse Breeding and Show Society of India, and whom so many of us were glad to meet again at the Hog-hunters' Dinner which happened in London, writes me a most interesting letter from Delhi telling me that the Royal Calcutta Turf Club have at long last decided to include races for Indian-bred two-year-olds in their programmes. Unless I am mistaken the W.I.T.C. on the Bombay side have had this class of race in their cards for some time past. When I left India there was no two-year-old racing of any kind, and naturally it would have been rather difficult to fill with any imported article—but I think it is a very good thing for horse-breeding in India that the indigenous product should be given a chance. Sir Bernard James writes:—

You have always been so interested in the subject of horse-breeding in India, and have given the Society so much help in THE TATLER, that I am sure you will be glad to hear that the R.C.T.C. have at last decided to include five two-year-old country-bred races in their 1930 Griffin scheme. This is really a great triumph for the efforts we have been making during the last few years to expand racing for country-breds, and if it proves a success, which I feel sure it will, it will give a great fillip to the industry. The youngsters will probably be supplied by Major Vanrenen from his Renala Stud, where he is now breeding pure thoroughbreds, which generally have better bone and substance than their imported parents, mainly because he has first-class grazing paddocks and does his stock well from birth.

He is the pioneer of this phase of the industry in Northern India, and has proved beyond a doubt that good horses, and thoroughbred ones too, can be produced in India. Of course, as I have always contended, the thoroughbred came from the Arab, and therefore from the East, so that there is no reason why he should not breed well in what is really his original habitat.

Since the foundation of this society we have more than three times as many country-breds on the race-course than we had before, and the foaling percentages of those fillies which have been raced are wonderful, and far in excess of those mares which have not been raced.



Howard Burrell

AT A RECENT SHOOT IN THE MIDLANDS

The names are: Seated—Brigadier-General T. G. Armstrong, who commanded the 62nd Infantry Brigade in the War, Colonel Sir A. E. Whitaker, whose war service dates back to the Afghan War of 1879-80, and General the Hon. Charles Lambton, who is a brother of the late Lord Durham; standing—Major G. M. Harding, Colonel E. W. Dashwood, and Colonel Sturges



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"THE BARBARIANS" XV AND OFFICIALS

R. S. Crisp

The side which scored a decisive win against Leicester on the latter's ground by 21 points to 12 in the recent match. The names, left to right, are: Back row—A. E. Freethy (referee), H. L. G. Hughes (honorary treasurer), H. E. Carris, Cambridge University; A. F. Heppenstall, Old Alleynians; A. E. C. Prescott, Harlequins; T. W. Gubb, Oxford University; J. W. G. Hume, Edinburgh Wanderers; H. Wilkinson, Halifax; J. S. R. Reeve, Harlequins; A. Key, Old Cranleighians; H. A. Haigh Smith (honorary secretary). Front row—F. W. S. Malir, Otley; J. C. Hubbard, Harlequins; W. W. Wakefield, Harlequins; E. Coley (captain), Northampton; T. G. P. Crick, United Services; E. Stanbury, Plymouth Albion; H. C. C. Laird, Harlequins

OTLEY has reason to be proud of its football sons. This little Yorkshire town of about ten thousand inhabitants is actually providing two men for the English team which is to meet Wales on Saturday next. Geography is not the strong point of the Rugby man, and quite a lot of people have had to inquire where Otley is. It is not very far from Ilkley, where the Yorkshire millionaires and others live, and is about the same size. The two Otley heroes to-day are F. W. S. Malir, the centre, and A. H. Bateson, a typically sturdy Yorkshireman and front-row forward.

Another club less well known than Otley have a man in the final trial, Ryton, which was represented by A. A. Traill. Very few people in the press-box, at any rate of the southern contingent, knew where Ryton was, one eminent schoolmaster asserting that not only had he never heard of it but that he did not believe there was such a place! Only a year or two ago a player came from Seghill, which the erudite press-box declared, after much discussion, to be a suburb of Birmingham.

The final trial at Twickenham was just an average one, the first half being fairly interesting, but the second half tailing off into a dull and depressing finish. The "England" side were clearly superior fore and aft with the single exception of the hooking. J. S. Tucker, the Bristol veteran, knew far more about that part of the business than his younger opponents, and contrived to give his backs plenty of the ball only to see them fail to make the best use of it.

This was the more curious because the Rest pack contained two forwards who have no claim to figure in football of this class, and if the England front row could not get the ball with everything in their favour, one wonders how they will fare against the Welshmen, who give nothing away in the art of tight scrummaging. Despite all the talk about the backs, the real problem of the selectors this season has been to get a thoroughly satisfactory pack, and it is by no means certain that they have succeeded. The men chosen are good enough individually, and if they can only settle down quickly they may do the trick. But there are too many new caps for my liking; unless H. G. Periton and H. Rew are very careful their inexperienced colleagues may easily be rushed off their feet at the beginning and never get going at all. A good start is everything in International matches, as England has sound reasons for knowing.

Much interest was felt at Twickenham in the personality and prowess of

a forward whom an evening paper persisted in calling "Joe Pinton." This turned out to be our old friend, H. G. Periton, whose resurrection was attended with the happiest results. Joe may not be quite the player he was two years ago, but he is still the most effective wing forward in England. Another unknown, according to the same authority, was one "Norris," who proved to be A. L. Novis. Now six weeks ago most Rugby men would have agreed that Novis was one of the very few certainties for the English side. Yet after several trials, in not one of which has he been given his right position, in the centre, he is dropped—a striking example of the uncertainty of human affairs. I should like to make a small bet that Novis is back in the side before he is much older.

Another unlucky player in the Trial was A. Key, an old Cranleighian.

We shall all be at Cardiff on Saturday, some of us for our sins in the flesh, and the rest of the Rugby world in the spirit. Very few indeed can feel any confidence in an English victory; no one ever does feel very happy about Cardiff, a ground of ill-omen for English Rugby. And apart from those considerations there is a decided impression that we are below the average this year. It may be said, however, that our team should be slightly more formidable than it looked like being at the beginning of December. The selectors seem to have made the best use of their material and have resisted the temptation to make any of those comic choices which marred the trial teams.

J. G. Askew seems a little lucky to get in on the strength of a brilliant 'Varsity match and the first halves of two trials. He was excellent in the early stages at Twickenham, and if he can keep sound he may easily be a big success. There cannot have been a lot in it between him and H. Boughton, and I still think J. C. Adamson has been unfortunate.

Much as one may regret the absence of A. L. Novis, it is hard to see what else the selectors could have done with the third line. L. M. Robson very soon made his place a certainty, and though F. W. S. Malir was less effective than in the other trial matches he yet did a lot of good work. Both the centres must be careful of their passes when they have cut through, each was guilty of mistakes in this respect. "LINE-OUT."



THE LEICESTER XV AND OFFICIALS

R. S. Crisp

Leicester unsuccessfully met the Barbarian invasion of the team in the picture at the top, and were put down 21 points to 12. The names in this group are: Back row—Norman Coates (touch judge), C. Manson, J. R. H. Pott, C. H. Williams, S. H. Saunders, R. A. K. Weiner, E. G. Coleman, J. C. Llewellyn, B. C. Gadney, J. E. Thorneloe (honorary secretary); front row—C. E. A. Flewitt, A. H. Greenwood, D. J. Norman, F. D. Prentice (captain), G. R. Beamish, R. A. Buckingham, W. E. Farndon

CROSSE & BLACKWELL'S

MIXED PICKLES

MIXED pickles as fresh as a spring morning. No other pickles are matured so subtly or pickled in such exquisite old vinegar. Ask for them with your cold meat. Demand them with your cheese



with Joints or Mince

PLAYER'S AIRMAN TOBACCOS

SOLD IN 1oz. 2oz. & 4oz. PACKINGS

ALL AT
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P.A.756

THE SNOW'S THE THING



THAT NEW YEAR FEELING AT ADELBODEN

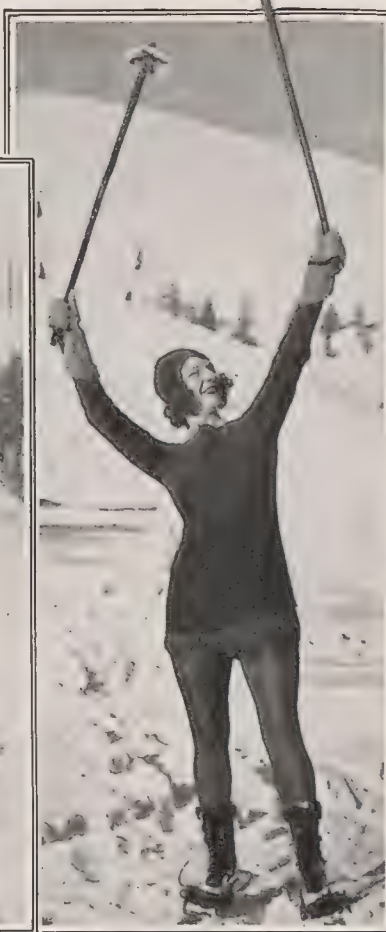
Back row—Miss J. Gervis, Mrs. Paterson Brown, Mr. G. Mander, M.P., Miss K. Dunn, Mr. D. Green, Miss E. Smith, Miss Armstrong, Miss Gervis, and Mr. Paterson Brown; second row—Dr. and Mrs. Gervis and Mr. W. H. Gervis; in front—Mr. Wylie-Moser and Miss V. Paterson Brown



AT MÜRREN: LORD LYTTON AND MISS JEAN DENNING



MÜRRENITES: MR. C. E. W. MACKINTOSH, MISS YOLANDE DE BELABRE, AND MR. R. PEMBROKE



MISS ELISE CRAVEN GREET'S ST. MORITZ



CAPTAIN AND MRS. BOUGHTON-LEIGH SET FORTH ON SKIS FROM MÜRREN

Herewith more pictorial news from the Switzerland of slope and glory, where ardent winter sporters are busy pursuing their skis and indulging in a variety of other activities. The big group was taken at the Kulm Hotel, Adelboden, where Society donned motley to dance the New Year in. Mr. Geoffrey Mander of Wightwick Manor was returned as Liberal member for Wolverhampton at the General Election. Lord Lytton is generally to be found in Switzerland at this time of the year, and has been figuring things out on the Mürren ice with his usual enviable skill. Mr. Mackintosh, who is seen with Sir Robert McAlpine's grand-daughter and Mr. Richard Pembroke of the Coldstream, is the Scottish International Rugger player. He is a star on skis and a winner of the Kandahar Cup. Miss Elise Craven, the clever danseuse, who has frequently appeared in London productions, has been adding to the gaiety of St. Moritz by dancing at the Grand Hotel and by wearing some striking ski suitings

PETROL VAPOUR : By W. G. ASTON.

Winter Motoring.

SAVING your presences, I would say that winter motoring was a most excellent thing. You must understand, of course, that I am jotting down these notes a few days before they see the light in type, and consequently they are liable to be hopelessly out of date. I mean that I may be singing the delights of the sunshine whilst you, poor reader, have to undo the frozen wrapper of your TATLER by morning candle-light. That is something beyond my help. Suffice it, for selfish purposes, to say that the first Sunday in the New Year offered me one of the choicest little runs on a car that ever I have enjoyed. It was a great morning; the sun shone clear in a blue sky; our consciences, too, were clear by reason of the fact that we had taken all the little dogs for a run, and, by the Grace of Heaven, got them back into their pen; wherefore I said to Mrs. P. V. and the girls: "We will go up into high places. Thence we shall be able to review the floods, and as the church services finish bend our heads and thank the Almighty that we do not inhabit those places in which casual water compels us to restrict our activities to the upper storey." And what a glorious little run that was. Chance pointed the way towards roads bordered by golden-brown bracken and crowned by pine-trees, living-green in the cool sunlight. Mrs. P. V. and the girls had said they did not want to go upon highways filled with traffic. Therefore for miles we went upon by-roads, and I think in the first half-hour we saw one car. We came to a little eminence and there we stopped for a cigarette. We were exactly twenty-seven miles from London . . . and yet there was neither brick nor tile, roof nor chimney to be seen. In the distance one could hear the hum of engines upon the — road. No, I will not say what road it is . . . and it was so lovely to be away from them all. Thence, feeling cock-tailiferous, we crossed a great moorland that is the best imitation of Scotland I ever have seen, and came to a deliquescent little house of call where, after you have had your appetiser, you may cross the road and interview a raven, numerous Amherst and other pheasants, a most cheeky Shetland pony, some fluffy Chinese hens, an array of parrots . . . and a magnificent extent of flood-water. This is the White Lion at Hartley Row. And if you cannot find it for yourself you will get no sailing directions from me. Around and about these promiscuous parts you will find all the surprises that the borders of Berks and Hants and Surrey can give you. You will have mile upon mile between high hedges as you thread your way through the lush meadows. And then you will be up on a bleak moorland, with

the wind whistling through the pines and the heather. It is so Scottish that when you see the notice "House to Let" you feel it ought to be "House to Feu." You will run your car through land that is worth a couple of quid an acre for grazing, and half-a-mile farther on you will buzz along a highway bounded by stuff that is not capable of bringing three-halfpence to the square mile. And you can sail amidst these uncharted seas—for uncharted they certainly are—without meeting more than about two cars upon a Sunday morning. And that is saying a lot.

Awkward Situation.

This play-ground of motorists, of which I have given far more than a hint, is easy enough to find. From my own habitation I get to it through delectable short cuts—rutty and wet they are this weather, but still worth while, for they are lonely—and part of my way takes me through an avenue that (so far as highways are concerned) I think must be one of the best of its kind in Great Britain. The road runs straight up to the sky-line, and it is flanked on either side with Wellingtonias. At least I hope they are Wellingtonias, for the college at the foot of the slope bears the name of the Great Duke. Look out for a monument; that you will find at Strathfieldsaye; but at the cross-roads there is an A.A. scout. A horrible thing happened to me in this avenue. The car at whose wheel I presided had to be tested, and the gradient between these two rows of magnificent shrubs—good surface, all clear, clean surface—offered something that I could not resist. Down went the foot. And then came the surge of power . . . and the delicious feeling that if we didn't go over the top at fifty, at all events we would not be far off that figure. Alas, the glinting sunlight had deceived us. Half-way up that marvellous stretch of straight road there was a little saloon. I would not say it was struggling . . . it was doing quite well . . . but

there was a difference of at least twenty miles an hour to be accounted for. The bonnet of my 6-cylinder Crossley was within a yard or two of its tail lamp; I had blown my horn loudly and repeatedly to say that I wanted to get past. In case of need my hand was already upon the knob of the gear-lever. And then, without warning, that little saloon pulled across to the right . . . and then it did a quick disappearing act to the left into a private drive. Mrs. P. V. says that if she had not been very quick with the near-side window I should have collapsed in an apoplectic fit. I will not repeat what I said. Considering that I was out of training it was a pretty good effort, though I have done better; much better: "You

(Continued on p. viii)



Bar Habitué (producing pedometer from pocket): Useful little gadget. I find I'm doing about four miles to the gallon



THE WORTHINGTON KENNEL CLUB

meeting on Sunday morning at the "Five Bells"



Bobs, a Sealyham or Car-hound, by two seater out of town on most week-ends. A nice, well-bred little dog, long in the coat, short in the leg and so-so in the temper. Worth his weight in gold as a thief-proof parking device.

"Intelligent?" says his master, "Positively human. Why, I've known him lean over the side for miles on end, and paw at the switch every time he saw the sign 'Worthington in Bottle!'"

Eve at Golf

To Finish the Season of 1929

OUR review of the year last week only got as far as the finish of the International matches at St. Andrews. How could one cope with such a topic as the Championship itself and Miss Wethered's win of it except at the start of a fresh page?

There is no doubt that Miss Wethered was the dominating personality, the great topic of conversation all through the week until the final day, and then Miss Collett came into her own with a vengeance. At first we used to go out to watch a bit of Miss Collett and then come in a little disappointed and agree that, good player as she was, Miss Collett would not see the way Miss Wethered went if she should arrive in the final; of Miss Wethered's arrival there nobody made any doubt, because she was making hay of everybody whatever their reputation and whatever their golf, almost as if they were non-existent. The more one looks back on it the more remarkable it seems. In her first round she beat Miss Lobbett 6 and 5; in the second Mrs. Madill, who has been runner-up in the Irish Championship, 8 and 7; in the third Miss Shewan, who knows St. Andrews backwards, 5 and 3; in the fourth, Mrs. Percy Garon 5 and 4;



Mrs. Viger, a member of Wentworth, photographed near the 17th green during an encounter with Colonel Bogey

in the fifth Miss Gourly 7 and 5; in the semi-finals Mrs. Guedalla 5 and 4; and if you do not call that a cruel sequence you must be prepared to say that black is white.

It was not that these players crumpled up; the majority of them played as well as they are wont to do, but it simply was that Miss Wethered showed herself in a different class. Miss Collett's victories were nothing

like so amazing; 5 and 3 from Miss White of Roehampton, 3 and 2 from Miss Bryant of Ashford Manor, 4 and 2 from Miss Beryl Brown, 7 and 6 from Mrs. Mulqueen of Canada, 3 and 2 from Mrs. J. B. Watson, and in the semi-final 4 and 3 from Miss Doris Park. These two last undoubtedly were the greatest triumphs of the week up till then for her.

And then that amazing final, with Miss Collett playing as nobody except Miss Wethered had ever played before; 5 up



Playing golf at Wentworth: Mrs. Hewitt and Mrs. Johnston walking across the bridge to the 18th green



Miss Wanda Morgan, the nineteen-year-old golfer who reached the semi-final round of the English Championship. Later she won the scratch prize at the Kent L.G.A. Autumn Meeting

By

ELEANOR E. HELME

at the turn, which she reached in 34, round in 75, 2 up at lunch time. One will never forget the consternation that went through the crowd, who looked on Miss Wethered as a player absolutely apart, when she was 5 down. "Aye, but she's Miss Wethered," was the

A GREAT PROSPECT
SUNNINGDALE, Old Course
and Ladies' Course, for
"Eve" Spring Medal
Foursomes, on Tuesday,
April 8

general comment, with an inflexion in the voice which meant that if it were anybody else we should worry, but that being Miss Wethered, all would yet be well. If ever a crowd heaved a sigh of relief it was when Miss Wethered sunk a 5-ft. putt at the 13th for a half and a 5-footer at the 14th for a win. Up till then Miss Collett had been doing the holing and Miss Wethered had lost touch with the greens. And

then after lunch Miss Wethered did the brilliant things, starting with a 3 at the 1st and being 4 up at the turn; but Miss Collett is a great fighter; she got that lead back to 2 at the 11th.

One cannot go over every hole though temptation is strong, so vivid is the recollection of each shot, and each a masterpiece. When you consider that the pair of them both morning and afternoon were round in the 70's, and that this, according to unimpeachable St. Andrews male testimony, has never been achieved by two men in an amateur final, then one realises what the standard of play was; and when you remember the surging crowds, which meant frequently a wait of five minutes on a tee, or waiting to play a shot up to a green, you realise that both Miss Wethered and Miss Collett are very great golfers indeed, that in fact no praise could possibly be too high for either of them.

After that the French at Wimereux, with a win for Miss Gourlay, who beat Mrs. Walter Payne 6 and 4 in a 36-hole final. Meanwhile Mrs. Hall was winning the Irish, Mrs. Rieben the Welsh, and Mrs. J. B. Watson, the Scottish, whilst the "Eve" Scottish Foursomes went to Miss M. G. Couper of North Berwick and Miss Helen Weir of Kilsplindie.

After that of course a little pause, though Miss Enid Wilson, partnering Miss Corlett, showed that she must not altogether be forgotten, for they won the Midland Foursomes at Copt Heath. Then the Girls' Championship and the cup going north in the keeping of Miss Nan Baird of Prestwick St. Nicholas, who beat Miss Sylvia Bailey 4 and 3 in the final.

Miss Gourlay then comes prominently on the scene, winning the Golf "Illustrated" Cup at Northwood with 77 and 78, the Surrey Autumn Meeting with 76 round Wentworth. People began to talk then of her chances of gaining the English Championship, and they were not disappointed. Other people's play on the whole at Broadstone was not of a very high order, but Miss Gourlay did all that was required of an ex-holder all the time, for until the semi-final she never needed more than 38 to reach the turn, and anybody who knows Broadstone will agree that that was extremely good. Any criticism of the golf not being up to the usual standard need not be applied to Miss Gourlay. In the last stages she met young Miss Morgan, a Kentish player for whom a great future is predicted, and beat her 4 and 3; and then in the final Miss Diana Fishwick, who won the Girls' Championship in 1927 and 1928. Miss Fishwick played such a game as few had believed possible for her. Indeed, it was really to Miss Gourlay's infinite credit that she kept her head so marvellously, though she never got the lead till the 10th, and was severely counter-attacked again in the afternoon; she played perfect golf in the afternoon, and was only 1 over 4's for the 3 holes which were needed to finish off the match.

(Continued on p. vi)



Miss Edna Best.

"I might as well tell you at once—I am no believer in complicated systems of Beauty Treatment. All I do in that way takes just a few minutes."

"At least once every day I cover my face, neck and hands with *Pond's Cold Cream*, and after leaving it on for a moment or two I wipe it off. Then during the day I occasionally give my skin a touch of *Pond's Vanishing Cream*.

"I find that this method keeps my skin in as good condition as I can desire. Why should I try any other? But in any case you only have to use the cold cream once to be convinced of its cleansing effect. I suppose keeping the pores free makes the skin healthy. It certainly makes it feel very soft and supple.

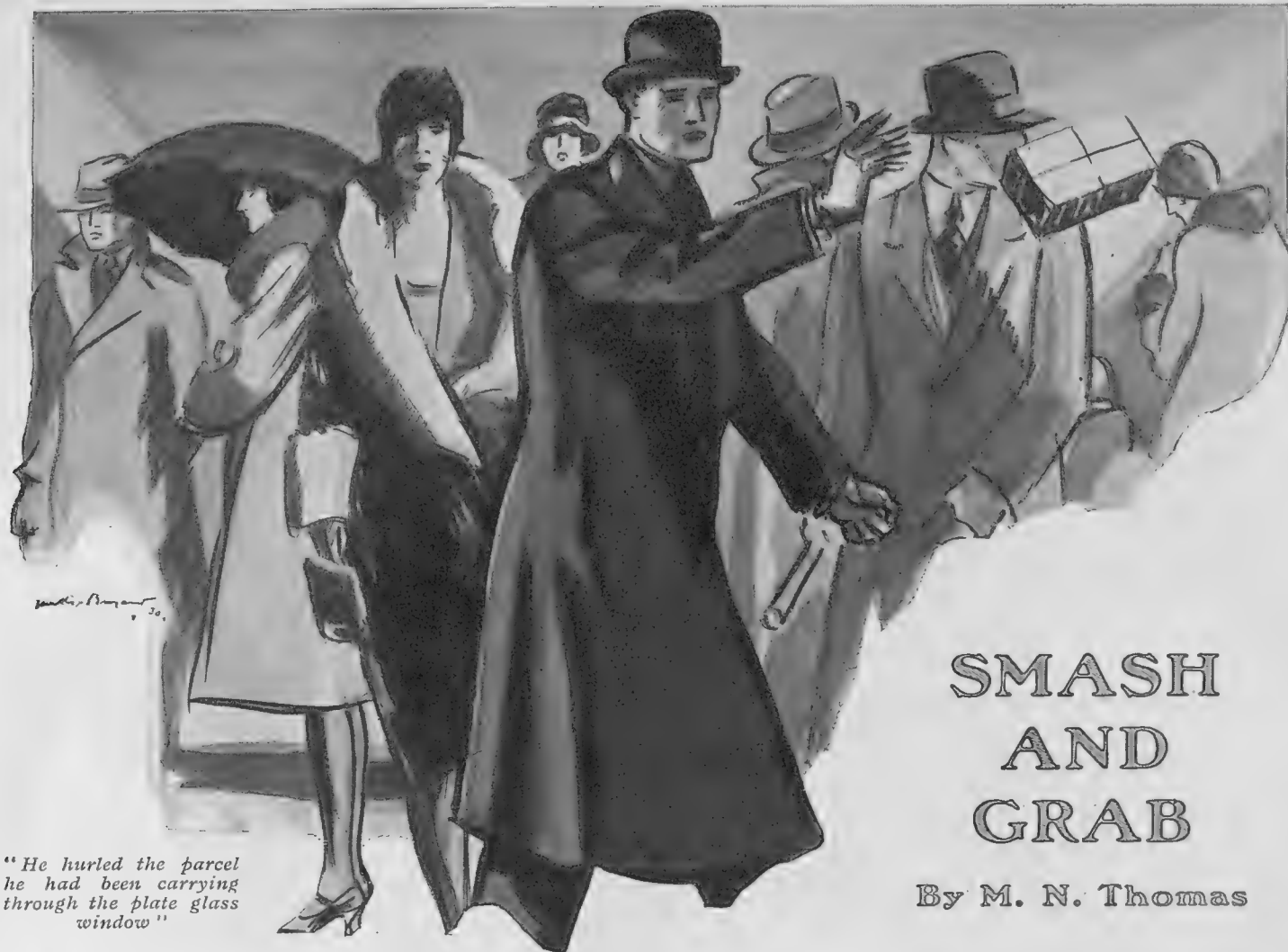
"I find *Pond's Vanishing Cream* a very pleasant cream to use in the daytime. I like its delicate odour and you can use it at any time to freshen up the complexion without showing that you have used it."

Miss Best finds *Pond's* new *Skin Freshener* delightfully exhilarating. She declares "It leaves the skin so cool and refreshed."

"I knew that one day *Pond's* would invent a better method of taking off cold cream. *Pond's Cleansing Tissues* are just the sort of efficient thing I expected from them."



Edna Best



SMASH AND GRAB

By M. N. Thomas

"He hurled the parcel
he had been carrying
through the plate glass
window"

A THIN drizzle of rain had begun to fall, making the business men and women who thronged the pavement quicken their pace homewards. A large, grey car drew up expertly at the curb and a well, but unostentatiously, dressed young man alighted. He walked across the wet pavement to the jeweller's shop with the easy grace of the athlete. At the door he glanced over his shoulder at his companion in the car. Then his arm flew up and he hurled the parcel he had been carrying through the plate-glass window. In a flash his hand followed it. Before the startled pedestrians had collected their wits he was back in the car which was speeding swiftly down the street.

Inside the shop a young assistant hurried forward. A crowd of curious faces round a jagged hole in the window met his astonished gaze. Rings and watches were scattered by the confusion caused by the passage of a neatly tied parcel which now lay between two gold and tortoise shell hair-brushes. He went a shade paler when he realised that the diamond and emerald necklace which had been the centre of the window display was missing. The manager, marvellously cool and suave even now, had to tell him twice to put the shutters up at once.

A new diversion for the rapidly growing crowd outside was caused by the arrival of a policeman.

"Smash-and-grab," nervously volunteered a little man in a large bowler.

"Now then, Sherlock," rallied someone.

"Could anyone identify the man?" sternly demanded the constable, who disapproved of such untimely levity.

A babel of voices rose in reply to his question. Comparative silence was restored eventually.

"Can anyone give a description of the car?" he asked, impatiently tapping his open note-book with a much sucked pencil.

"Nivey bloo."

"Puerple."

"A Rolls, sure."

"Black as sin."

The constable, feeling matters were getting beyond his control, threw back his cape with a magnificent gesture, ordered the crowd to disperse and strode into the shop.

Meanwhile the young man in the car was wrapping a handkerchief round his bleeding wrist. After turning the first corner his companion had slowed down to a more normal rate. Suspicious speed was the last thing to be desired.

"We're well away," the young man almost pleaded.

"Sure thing," replied the other.

"D'you think they got our number?"

"Doesn't matter much if they did, old son," reassured the elder, "for it isn't the real one."

"Still it might save trouble."

The driver laughed. "By the time they get this number circulated we'll have abandoned the bus and it will probably be restored to its right and lawful owner, the only person temporarily inconvenienced. By George," he added, "I envy him—she runs like clockwork."

"Ye-es," agreed the young man, frowning at his inability to tie a knot with his left hand and teeth. "I say, I'm going to take a rest for a bit if we pull this off."

"We have pulled it off, my boy."

The young man smiled a little self-consciously as he said, "You know, I got the breeze up legging it back to the car. It seemed like miles across that pavement."

For a time neither spoke and the car glided smoothly along the brightly lit streets. If anyone took the trouble to consider them at all they would have dismissed them from their minds as an ordinary business man and his son driving back to their suburban home. Only a typist, standing under a cotton umbrella waiting for a bus, gave them a second thought when a passing light illuminated the young man's face. He looked, she thought, just like her favourite actor, and she decided that she would cause a sensation in the office next day by declaring she had seen "Carl Brisson, my dears, and so near I could have touched him."

The elder man found the continued silence of his companion awkward. He jerked his head towards some newsboys standing with their apron-like bills and crying out: "'Orrible City murder, 'orrible City murder!'"

"I wonder how soon it'll be before they'll change it to 'Daring Smash-and-Grab Raid'—eh?" he queried.

"Not till to-morrow, I hope," the other replied fervently.

(Continued on p. vi)



WONDERFUL WHISKY -

"White Label"

ALSO THE DE LUXE WHISKY—"VICTORIA VAT"



Among the very special bargains at Walpole Bros. sale are this quilted dressing-gown of artificial broché silk and sol de soie nightdress. (See p. ii)

Altogether charming are the fashions for the little people at Taylour-Smith's, Conduit Street, W. The bonnet and coat pictured are of angora cloth trimmed with crêpe de chine, and it is crêpe de chine makes the frock enriched with embroidery. (See p. ii)

Ascent of Waist—Descent of Jewellery.

AS the waist-line ascends, jewellery is slowly creeping downwards. There are ropes of beads and pearls finished with enormous pendants which pass the waist-line by many inches; sometimes there are as many as three pendants, graduated in size. An immense vogue may, with the utmost safety, be predicted for jewellery known by the name of Galliera; its fount of inspiration is the exquisite specimens in the Museum which bear this name. White stones and metal as well as melon-cut coloured stones occupy a prominent position in the pins, necklaces, and bracelets. Ring motifs are introduced in other necklaces; for instance, amber rings will be present in necklaces of amber and gold beads. Coloured crystal has a very important mission to fulfil. Bracelets will be modish. Among the novelties is one of square open links of clear crystal, with the facets emphasised with black and silver. Sometimes crystal rondels are strung on elastic, which may be two yards long and then wound round the arm.

"Invisible" Patchwork.

IT is indeed a matter of congratulation that Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street, W., are showing the advance guard of the spring fashions; they have come hot-foot from

The Highway of Fashion

By M. E. BROOKE.

Paris. A fact that will be forcibly brought home to all who see them is that all the features that were unbecoming and difficult in the autumn frocks have been eliminated. In the distance the suggestion given is that the material is wrapped round the figure, but closer inspection shows that there are clever insertions and gores that give a very neat appearance to the hips, no fullness being permitted until they have been passed by several inches. As a matter of fact these dresses demonstrate that there is nothing more attractive than "invisible" patchwork; the "pieces" are "put" in with the cunning of an artist's hand; there are tiny tucks and pipings and there may be a suggestion of a pouch. Again this season it is a "mock" simplicity that triumphs.

Lelong—Worth—Patou.

Many of the evening dresses are of chiffon, lace, and *ciré* fish-net; they are ankle-length in front, the lining terminates at the knees, and they just clear the ground at the back, the majority being reinforced with trains at the sides or at the back; the double train has received much attention. Among the evening dresses at Debenham and Freebody's

is a Lelong model expressed in black *ciré* fish-net; the corsage is arranged with an almost flat bolero effect; the material is moulded to the hips with a certain amount of fullness below; the scheme is completed with a narrow belt and diamanté buckle. Among the representatives from Worth is one of black chiffon; there is a large green flower on the shoulder, a new note being the two-tiered chiffon cape; it is so light that

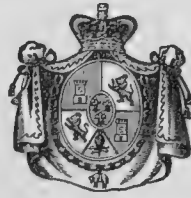
it introduces a piquant air. Endowed with an indelible *cachet* is Patou's model of gold and white lamé; the corsage is slightly pouched and there are tiny tucks at the sides. The neckline is high in front and cut in a deep "V" at the back, the double train lightly resting on the ground.

The Skirt Vest.

A veritable triumph of the dressmaker's art comes from Lelong, the fabricating medium being chine taffetas in glorious autumn colourings; the wonderful "line" is achieved by



All women look their best in furs is an axiom that is universally accepted, therefore this coat from R. Marcus, 33, Kensington High Street, is sure to be of interest. It is of Persian lamb enriched with Australian opossum. (See p. ii)

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The Highway of Fashion

—continued

pipings, inset bands, and invisible patchwork; the front of the corsage is innocent of a vest, but as this accessory declines to have a shadow cast across it, it is introduced in the form of a "V" at the base of the skirt. Unprecedented simplicity is the salient feature of a Millet Sœur model at Debenham and Freebody's; it is carried out in pale lemon georgette. The "V" at the back is flanked with softly falling draperies; draperies of a similar character appear halfway down the skirt, subsequently merging into a train. Among the dresses that are more or less of the picture genre is one sponsored by Cheruit; it is of an exquisite shade of hyacinth-blue georgette outlined with taffeta; an enormous bow is present some inches above the hem, the ends forming a train. Lanvin's contribution is a dignified black faille dress of the picture genre; the short-waisted corsage is arranged at the back with a large steel-shaped fan *motif* severed at either side with black braces; the skirt is arranged with deep folds.

For the Children.

There is really no more fascinating shop for children's fashions than that of Tylour-Smith, Conduit Street, W.; everything is of the simplest description and as a consequence charming. It was there that the little crêpe de chine dress illustrated on p. 138 was sketched; as will be seen it is trimmed with embroidery and tiny tucks. Then there is a coat of angora cloth with bonnet to match; crêpe de chine has been used to break the monotony of the scheme. Then there are perfectly adorable party frocks in organdi as well as in crêpe de chine and moiré, while for the rather older girls there are replicas of their mothers' dresses. There are Red Ridinghood and other evening capes and cloaks. The requirements of the sovereign of the nursery have likewise received the utmost consideration; full particulars regarding layettes, etc., will be found in the illustrated catalogue sent gratis and post free.

Re-working of Furs.

Much interesting information is contained in R. Marcus' (33, Kensington High Street) folder regarding the re-working of furs, and it is pointed out that old fur stoles lend themselves admirably for conversion into throw-over ties. Another fact that is sure to appeal to intelligent women is that this firm give a free insurance policy for every coat sold for loss as well as for damage. They make all their own models, and as they have salons in Edinburgh, Glasgow, Newcastle-on-Tyne, as well as in London, there is ever a splendid selection from which to choose. They are responsible for the Persian lamb coat trimmed with Australian opossum pictured on p. 138. A fact that cannot be made too widely known is that in these salons there are beige broadtail lamb coats for 25 guineas.

The Spring Ensemble.

Even in the early days of January the sun condescended to shine, therefore it is not optimistic to begin the pleasant task of considering the equipment of the wardrobe



for the spring. In the coat and skirt department of Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street, W., may be seen the ensembles pictured on this page. They are copies of French models; it seems almost unnecessary to add that they are not included in the sale. The one on the left is carried out in black wool georgette; it fits perfectly over the hips; the cleverly shaped box pleats prevent the movements of the wearer being handicapped; the long cuffs, collar, and jabot are of white crêpe de chine. It is to be regretted that it was not possible to give an illustration of the coat as it is reinforced with a cape and is rather long. The *chef d'œuvre* on the right is of black crêpe marocain; the manner in which the skirt portion is united to the corsage is worthy of careful study, and so is the way in which the material is moulded over the hips with the aid of pipings and the now accepted invisible patchwork. The coat is enriched with white fur, while in the hat black felt and white calf-skin share honours.

Special Bargains.

Very special are the bargains that are to be obtained at Walpole Bros.' (New Bond Street, Kensington High Street, and Sloane Street) sale; the profusely illustrated catalogue is ready and will gladly be sent gratis and post free. Included in it is the night-dress illustrated on p. 138; it is made of sol de soie, a fabric which bears a striking resemblance to crêpe de chine, and retains its lustre and freshness after washing; it is 21s. 9d., while very serviceable ones in Silspun are 23s. 9d. The quilted dressing-gown portrayed is of artificial broché silk lined throughout with delainette and has had its price reduced from 59s. 9d. to 49s. 11d. The reductions in the prices of household linens have been equally drastic.

A Great Furnishing Sale.

Hampton's (Pall Mall East) great furnishing sale is in progress; ere paying a visit to this establishment the profusely illustrated catalogue should be carefully studied; it will gladly be sent gratis and post free. Among the notable attractions are 30,000 yards of good-quality cretonnes and tissues, many at less than half-price. Again, there are 10,000 yards of double-width printed linens and cretonnes, the prices of which have been submitted to unusually drastic reductions. In the domain of furniture there are carved mahogany semi-circular Adam commodes for £16 15s.; a few days ago they were £33 10s.; carved mahogany Georgian sideboards are £125, usual price £295 10s. Supreme value is offered in Axminster and other carpets.

Photographs by Elwin Neame
Successful spring ensembles are by no means easy to discover; these pictured may well be included in the category. They may be seen in the coat and skirt department at Marshall and Snelgrove's, and are copies of Parisian models. The one on the left is of wool georgette, the other of wool crêpe marocain

YOUR BEAUTY IS AT YOUR FINGERTIPS

Says Elizabeth Arden



YOU may have others to blame for losing at bridge, for marrying beneath you, or missing the last train from town, but if a trace of the wear and tear of present-day living shows on your face, you have only yourself to blame. In this enlightened age there is no excuse for tired eyes and sagging skin. Elizabeth Arden has put her secret of beauty at your fingertips

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MISS GRACIE FIELDS,

one of the greatest Stars on the Variety Stage, and at present playing in "The Show's the Thing" at the Winter Garden Theatre, W.C. 2, writes:—

THREE hundred and sixty-five days of glowing health are sufficient to make anyone grateful for the way Phosferine Brand Tonic 'backs up' the nervous system. Throughout the year I work regularly at high pressure, appearing often three times a day. Naturally one must be in perfect health for so many public performances, and that is why I am so enthusiastic so far as Phosferine Tonic is concerned, for I know of no better way to rest the nerves and get that sound sleep so necessary for good work. After taking Phosferine Tonic one wakes up feeling fresh and clear-eyed, and ready to 'beat one's best' all over again. I have noticed that nerve-strained people are usually too irritated to work well, and it is then that Phosferine Tonic proves so invaluable—the nerves seem stronger and quietened at once."

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Air Eddies : By OLIVER STEWART

Clubs and Subs.

"SUBSIDISATION is civilisation," as Mr. Kipling would have said if he had been issuing his famous dictum in 1930. For nowadays almost everything is subsidised from babies to the B.B.C., and including the infant aviation. The few things that are not subsidised are taxed. The workers, as they sublimely call themselves, are subsidised if they are idle, and the idle rich are taxed if they work. Good health is penalised and illness subsidised. People are thus encouraged to be ill as much as possible. We are even threatened with subsidised opera, and prima donnas of the future may be seen licking Government stamps *glissando grazioso*. Yet while it is proposed to subsidise song the other two members of the unholy trinity, wine and women, receive no State grants. This is unfair, for most people find that it is easiest to give up singing. Indeed the more one looks around the more apparent does it become that the things which genuinely deserve subsidising are taxed, and vice versa.

It is certainly so—to turn to the serious side—in light aeroplane flying. The independent light aeroplane clubs will this year cease to receive a Government subsidy.

Let us rehearse the position. Thirteen out of twenty-four clubs are subsidised, but their grants will soon be discontinued, and the only State-aid for light aeroplane flying will go to National Flying Services, Ltd., at the rate of £10 per pilot trained, with certain stipulations about the provision of landing grounds. National Flying Services have proved themselves efficient and progressive. They have, as I have noted in these columns from time to time, achieved prodigies of development in a short period, and the support which the Government gives them is well merited. But there is no valid reason why the subsidy should stop there. There is ample ground for supporting the

independent clubs as well. Nationally the independent clubs cannot be as valuable as a big organisation like N.F.S., but they are of appreciable value. They ought to receive a subsidy based upon requirements similar to those for N.F.S. The independent clubs have done good work, and they deserve continued Government support as long as Government support is given to light aeroplane flying at all.

Ours and All the World's.

This section of all the British aircraft industry, as is strikingly shown in the new issue of "All the World's Aircraft" that has just been published by Messrs. Sampson Low, has made wonderful strides, and now corresponds to the British motor-bicycle industry in that it leads the world. It manufactures twenty-one different types of light aeroplane, ranging

from the little Henderson *Gadfly*, with its 40-h.p. A.B.C. engine, to the Westland limousine, which has three Cirrus Hermes engines each of over 100 h.p., and the *Cutty Sark* flying-boat with two Hermes engines. Somewhere in the middle of the range comes that superb stroke of genius, the Blackburn *Bluebird*, and the almost offensively ubiquitous *Moth*. The supremacy of the British light aeroplane manufacturers is so marked that it would be in the highest degree unwise to jeopardise it for the sake of saving the country £15,000 a year.

There are many other aeronautical matters about which the new "All the World's Aircraft" contains information of absorbing interest, and its pages are an encouragement to endless dissertation. But on this one point of British light aeroplanes it contains evidence of a native constructional genius not to be paralleled in any other country on earth. If Britain can spend thousands upon erecting many hideous and highly ridiculous toy telephone boxes with pretty lights on top to aid the police in their apoplectic struggles with our emasculated motor bandits, it can certainly afford a few hundreds for supporting club flying, which is of genuine and proved national value.



TWO CELEBRITIES OF THE AIR

F. King & Co.

Mr. N. Comper, the managing-director of Comper Aircraft, Ltd., and the designer of the machine in the cockpit of which he is sitting, and Mr. G. H. Dawson, the chairman of the company

From the Shires and Provinces—cont.

From the Fernie

With the festive period now over one looks on the first half of the season with gratification. The weather has been open, and good sport has been enjoyed in spite of storms. The wettings we have endured have been well worth it. Our Theddingworth meet was largely attended, boys and girls home from school making up a merry party. Ernest's young son and daughter began to follow in father's footsteps, and will soon be showing him the nearest way. Covert-side conversation turned to the cat burglar. One wondered if the ex-M.F.H. would now favour bloodhounds instead of foxhounds: surely not! Our sympathy goes out on his losses. A good run from Carlins Spinney finished in the Hemploe Hills. The going was deep, but most people survived the gruelling thirty minutes. 'Tis the pace that kills, but surely Peaker exceeds hound pace on road-travelling between drawing coverts. The Colonel had cold feet on his journey over the waterlogged pasture to recover his erring quad. Thursday at Illston brought out the flower of the Shires. Every hunt was represented. Mrs. Ronald Tree of the Pytchley came on with Mrs. Edmonstone. Weedon were well in the picture, and the stranger from the Surrey and Burstow was noted by his collar. Scent was not too good, therefore hounds did not run their best. Rowland took a bad toss and was lucky to save his neck. The dying horse on the way to Tamboro' soon came to life again and gave his owner a stern chase to catch him. A good run from Shangton in the late afternoon redeemed a moderate day.

From the York and Ainsty

The Blackwood Hall fixture resulted in a small and select field, many foxes, and about the worst scent this season; however, it kept fine, so we got some air and exercise anyhow. On Saturday (4th) the South pack were at Sessay and had a fair day, finding foxes at Isle Beck, Thirkleby, and Sessay Wood, whilst Piers and his merry men, meeting in the "Far West" at Swarccliffe on the same day, had a real good hunt of nearly four hours in the Brimham Rocks area, practically all over grass, and nearly seventeen miles as hounds ran, though it was rather circular. On Tuesday at Beningbrough we had a few distinguished visitors from up north; hounds slipped away from Court House with the first fox unbeknown to all of us, but we understand this won't happen again. Another Overton fox gave us a nice hunt by Skelton and Moorlands to Coldstream. The hunt ball duly came off on the 8th, and it's more than kind of Major and Mrs. Wailes Fairbairn to lend us Askham Grange for the fourth year.

From the Heythrop

The victims of the mumps epidemic are swelling in size in more senses than one, as we are sorry to hear that the Major's second daughter has recently succumbed. On Monday, in wet, cold weather we were at Sarsden House, when Colonel and Mrs. Hermon-Hodge's hospitality provided us port in a storm. The Major's youngest daughter, in making a bold bid to get to the front, unfortunately cut the knees of her brother-in-law's latest purchase on a wall; *sic transit gloria* Monday! On Wednesday we had a busy day from Ledwell village. There seemed to be quite an invasion of our followers from the Stow-on-the-Wold side, including the Colonel and nephew, the Duke of Lower Slaughter complete with horse-box, and the Quarwood couple revelling in their trailer. The young lady who mistook a hare for the hunted fox was not very intelligent; odd to say her name is Bright! On Friday, at Stow-on-the-Wold, some of our ladies seemed in trouble. The lady from Bledington had a painful experience when she was nearly killed by the Scotch Express going straight over her. Traditionally the Scotch do not give much away, but to give enough room does not cost anything. Mrs. F. also took a toss and looked a bit crumpled. On Saturday we were welcomed by Mr. and Mrs. Hambro at Swinbrook House. What with the Judge, the General, the Colonel, and the young Guardsman, there was a perfect pantomime of trouble, in which the principal boy from Bruern murmured something about blood sports having gone to her head, and on the face of it this was so.

From Lincolnshire

Really good scenting days have been few and far between, but there was a welcome change on January 4. The Southwold (East) then showed some wonderful sport. A fox from New England caught it hot—being hunted at steeplechase pace to ground at Ashby Puerorum in twelve minutes! Then followed the best thing of the day—a tip-top ninety minutes from Warden Hill, and during which between fifteen and sixteen miles of country were traversed. Hounds, however, were robbed of a well-deserved meal when the fox got in near Walmsgate. True they changed once, but both pilots were done to a turn! Fences came thick and fast, and there were "bellows to mend" everywhere. More than one hat was concertina-ed and liberal samples of the country were brought home on the buttons of many coat-tails! Following their meet at Lord George Seymour's house on the High Dyke on New Year's Day, the Blankney had a very fast thirty minutes from the Cocked Hat and killed their fox at Ashby. Later, when running from Blankney Gorse they were stopped in the nick of time from disaster on the railway. A very narrow shave!



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Smash and Grab—cont.

They had now passed through the busiest part of their journey and were making for a certain quiet side street where they intended "permanently parking" the car.

"Not long now, old son," the driver said gently.

The young man did not make a very good job of smiling back to him. Then suddenly he started and the words, "Oh, Hell," escaped like a moan from between his lips as a policeman's arm was raised at a crossing and the two streams of traffic at right angles to them gained precedence.

"Steady on, old man," cautioned his companion.

A Chrysler slid up beside them. Its driver was apparently in a hurry, for he protested vigorously at the delay by sounding his horn so repeatedly that the policeman turned his head and glared at them. Apparently to show his independence he decided to keep them waiting a little longer. The light from a shop window caused the sweat on the young man's brow to glisten.

Then the policeman did a strange and sinister thing. For no obvious reason he blew an agitated blast on his whistle. All traffic stopped. Drivers of limousines, buses, taxis, vans, lorries, and coupés looked guiltily at the massive figure in blue to see if they had unwittingly committed the offence that had caused this blast. But the policeman was looking at none of them. He was watching two other constables who were threading their way across the street towards him.

"Make a dash for it," the young man whispered unsteadily, but even as he spoke the traffic at right angles commenced to move, barring their way.



Klein & Peyerl, Madras
H.E. SIR GEORGE FREDERICK STANLEY AND
LADY BEATRIX STANLEY

Sir George Stanley was appointed this year Governor of Madras in succession to Lord Goschen, whose five years' term expired. His Excellency has been a horse-gunner adjutant of the H.A.C., and Comptroller of H.M.'s Household. Lady Beatrix Stanley is a sister of the Marquess of Headfort

"Don't be a fool," the driver snapped out, suddenly irritable. "I tell you they'll barely have had time to get news of it through to the Yard—far less advise every cook cuddler on point duty."

The three policemen held a hurried consultation, nodding sagely to each other, and the next moment a detaining hand was placed on the stolen car while another policeman stood on guard over the Chrysler.

"What the devil—?" they heard the driver of the Chrysler exclaim indignantly.

The policeman on point duty edged his way between the two cars and stood looking slowly from one driver to the other as though trying to determine which was the guilty one.

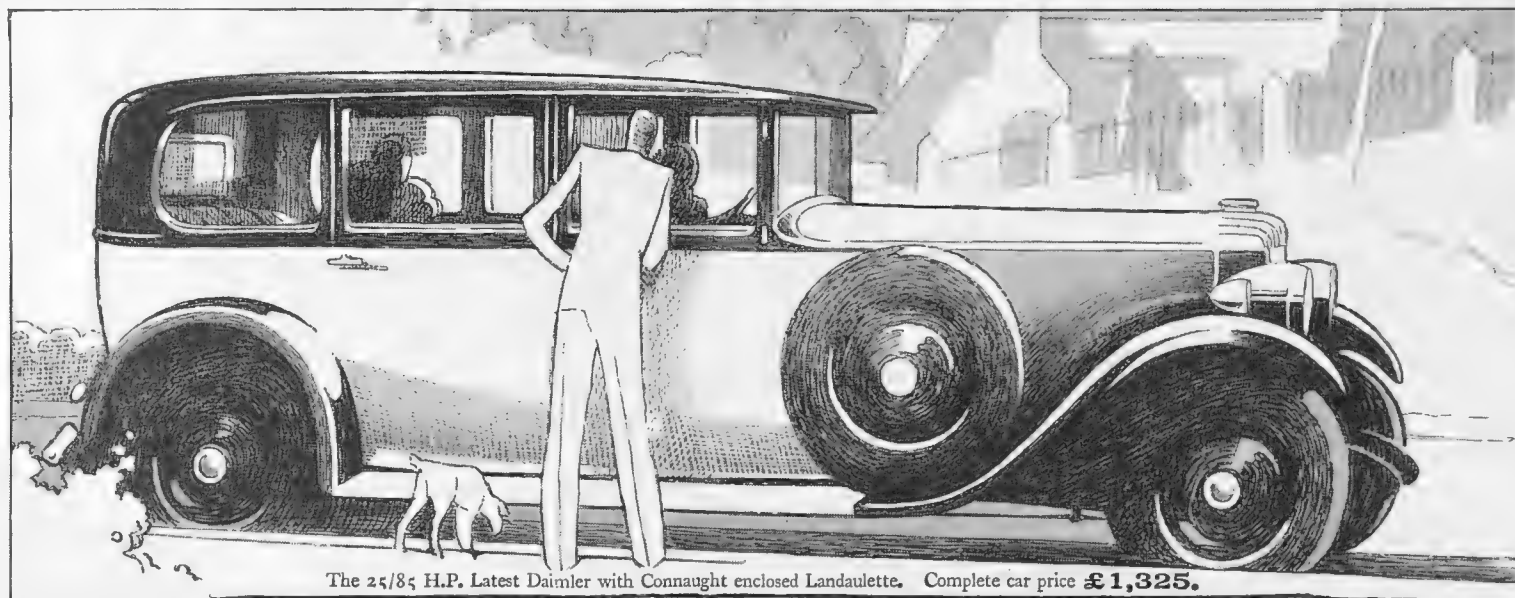
"Now then," he said severely at last, "'ow is it you two cars 'appen to 'ave the same registration number?"

Eve at Golf : (continued from p. 134)

After Broadstone came Roehampton, and Ranelagh, when Mrs. Foley and her sister, Miss Justice, beat Miss Stanhope and Miss Hill on the last green at Ranelagh, and Miss Haynes Hutchinson and Mrs. Cowie beat Mrs. Chesterton and Mrs. Stocks 4 and 3 at Roehampton.

Then Worpleston, and more triumph for Miss Gourlay. She and Major Hezlet defeated Miss Wethered and Colonel Dalrymple Hamilton at the 20th hole in the 5th round, and Miss Joy Winn and Mr. Longstaffe at the 39th in the final.

Then to finish the season, the "Star" finals at Wentworth, when St. George's Hill beat the holders, the Royal Mid-Surrey, by 4 to 1. A long season but a thoroughly interesting one. May 1930 be as good.



The 25/85 H.P. Latest Daimler with Connaught enclosed Landaulette. Complete car price £1,325.

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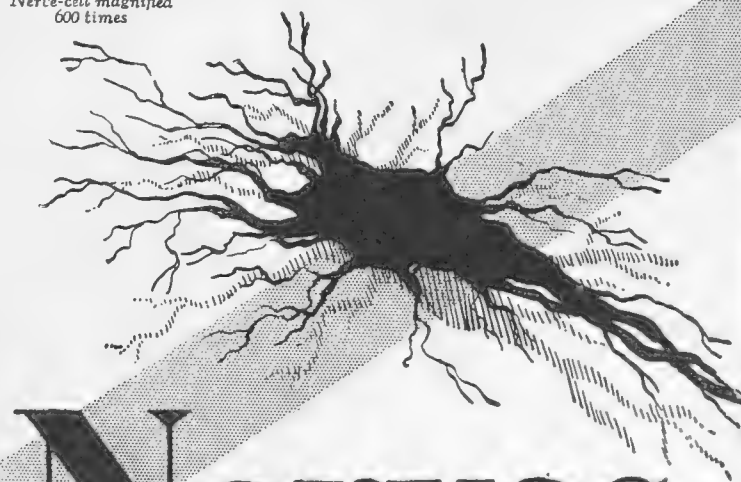
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Another physician states in a treatise on "How to live Healthily": "The proved effect of Sanatogen on the well-being of the cell enables it to be of benefit in cases in which many lay-men would think it could not have any effect at all."

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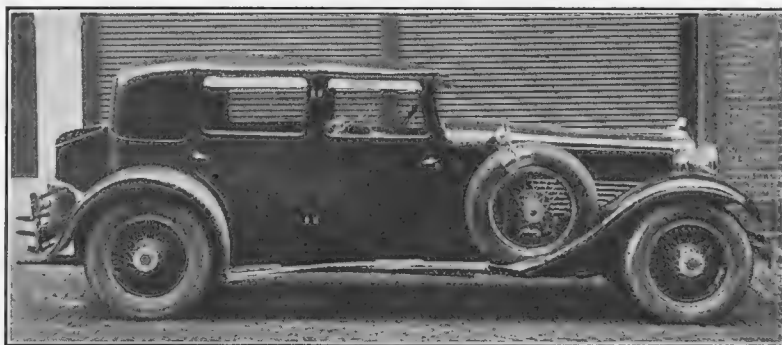
LEICESTERSHIRE

PETROL VAPOUR—continued.

detestable, abominable, atrocious, unspeakable criminal, lunatic, porcine, swindling son of a straight-faced niblick; what do you mean by doing that filthy, obscene, inexcusable, murderous stunt across me? Speak, you cesspool!"

The man pulled his car up in his very gates. Why he had not signalled, and why he had not heard my horn was clear enough. His windows were all up. Hearing some rumour of a hubbub, he lowered the glass upon the near side and bobbed a head out. Crikey! if it was not a dear old pal o' mine. "Happy New Year," I yelled. "Same to you and many of 'em," he shrieked back. "Do you think," I whispered to Mrs. P. V., as I bunged in a gear and slipped away, "that old T—gathered the purport of my remarks?"

"Well," she said, "if he didn't everybody else in Berkshire did. But I don't think he did, because he looked so genuinely pleased to see you." Thinking upon what I had wasted upon an empty and unappreciative countryside—for what I have given you above is a very bowdlerised edition of what I really said—I trod firmly upon the gas. The engine was a jolly sight cooler than I was. Thereafter things happened with rapidity. A congenital idiot came out of a "caution carriage drive," and only my good Manchester brakes saved his life. A worse-than-homicidal motor-cyclist emerged from a side road. Him I *do* believe I frightened. And then I found myself behind a bus in a narrow lane, a lane so narrow that no bus ought to use it. And I was in the foulest of tempers, so I horned the blighter, I horned and horned and horned him until he gave me passage. There was a remark or two, but I could not quite catch the articulation . . . sounded to me like "Appy New Year" with variations. A glance at the clock showed that we were already late for lunch. Suddenly up pipes one of the girls: "Oh, lawks, I left my cigarette-case and my glasses . . .



THIS STUTZ CAR

Owned by Captain J. H. Amory, skidded on an icy road, and the only slight damage will be seen in above picture. In a letter to Messrs. Warwick Wright the owner says: "The facts are that it skidded on an icy road—going about thirty to thirty-five (as I didn't know there was any ice about)—went over a low bank, and turned over endways and sideways and landed right side up among some gorse and brambles"

where we had our cocktail!" Mrs. P. V. touched me upon the knee. "Tweet-tweet!" she said. Instantly the clouds of cast-iron and bronze became blue sky, the sun blazed forth in warm splendour . . . and all was "right with the world." We collected the lost property; we drove home in bliss.

MOTOR NOTES AND NEWS

According to a radio message received by Sir Herbert Austin, K.B.E., from the Wilkins-Hearst Antarctic Expedition at Deception Island, the party out there are finding the Austin Seven car distinctly useful. It is interesting to note, also, that there is one of these world-famous light cars with the Byrd Expedition, so that the first car that has ever been in the Antarctic regions is an all-British baby model.

Mr. and Mrs. Martin Johnson, the noted African explorers, recently commenced their fourth expedition to Equatorial Africa. This trip will require two years or more to accomplish, and will be extremely valuable because they are going to take sound pictures in the Belgian Congo and in the Victoria-Nile region. In this territory they will probably encounter more crocodiles and hippopotami than in any other part of the world. In the selection of equipment Mr. Johnson specified Willys Knight cars, and is taking no less than eight Willys Knights on this expedition. Mr. Johnson's reason for selecting the Willys Knight cars is best stated in his own words: "We have been particularly careful

in selecting the right motor-cars and trucks for our expedition. They must stand a great strain and be not only powerful but very durable as well. For this reason we have again selected Willys-Knight cars. We have used them on our previous trips, and we know from experience how well they stand up."



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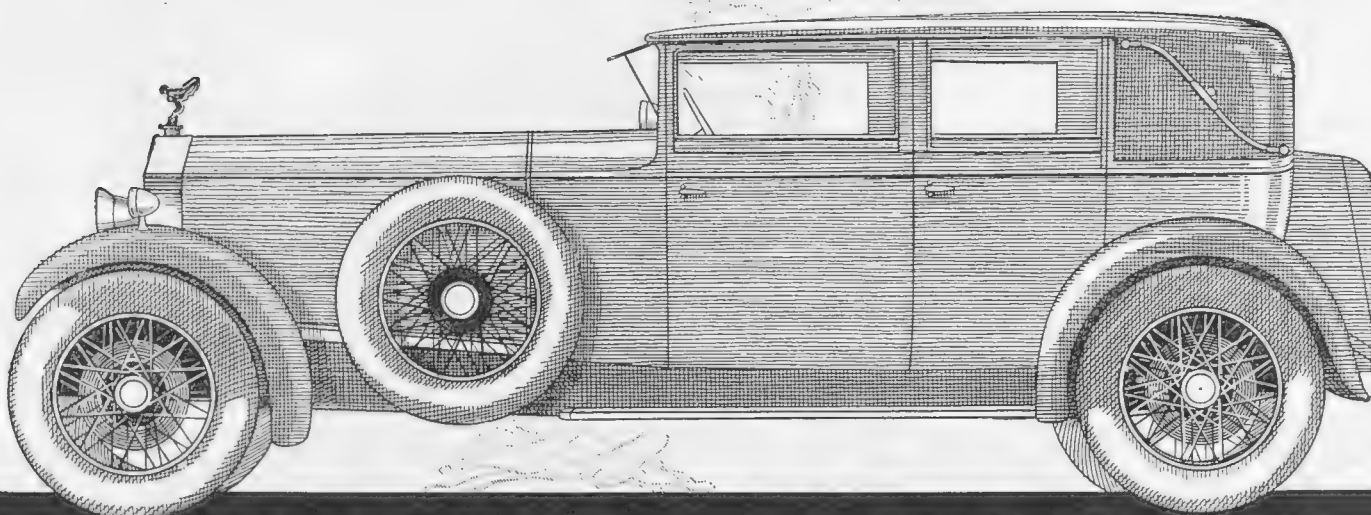
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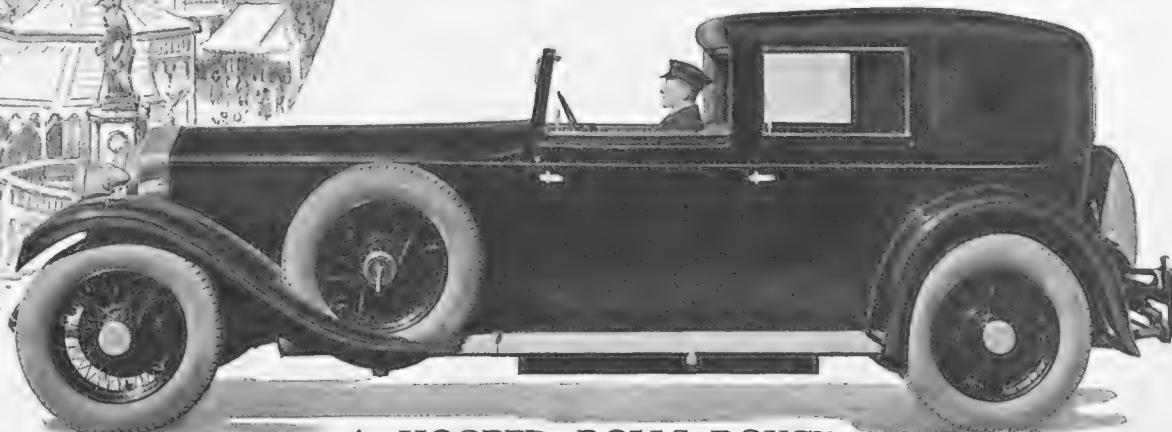
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Weddings and Engagements



MISS AUDREY SCOTT

The only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Scott of 32, Redcliffe Square, S.W., who is to marry Mr. Holroyd Ferris Chambers, younger son of Sir Theodore C. Chambers, K.B.E., and Lady Chambers

in February is the marriage between Flight-Lieutenant B. W. T. Hare, R.A.F., of Curtisknowle, South Devon, and Miss Violet Fisher, which takes place in India.

Marrying in Madras.

Mr. L. Warden Eykyn, son of the late Mr. F. B. Eykyn and Mrs. Eykyn of 31, Priory Road, Kew, is marrying Miss Rosetta C. (Judy) de la Voye, daughter of Brigadier-General de la Voye, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., and Mrs. de la Voye of 17, Thurloe Court, S.W., are being married at Madras Cathedral in the first week in April.

A Spring Wedding.

Early in March Mr. Nicholas Anthony Pearce, Royal Air Force, younger son of the late Mr. Robert Pearce and Mrs. Pearce of Ripley Court, Surrey, is marrying Miss Katherine Ann Macleod, only daughter of the late Mr. James Torquil Macleod of Aros Rhu, Dumbar-tonshire, and Mrs. Macleod of Vale House, Iwerne Minster, Blandford.

Two February Weddings.

On February 4 Captain Jack Walter Hallows and Miss Katherine Grace Douglas are being married at St. Mary's, Bampton, Oxfordshire; and also



MISS BARBARA BLAIR

Whose marriage takes place to-day (15th) to Mr. C. M. Nelson of Ceylon. She is the younger daughter of the late Captain A. M. Blair of Ceylon and Mrs. H. Blair of Lee, North Devon

Recently Engaged.

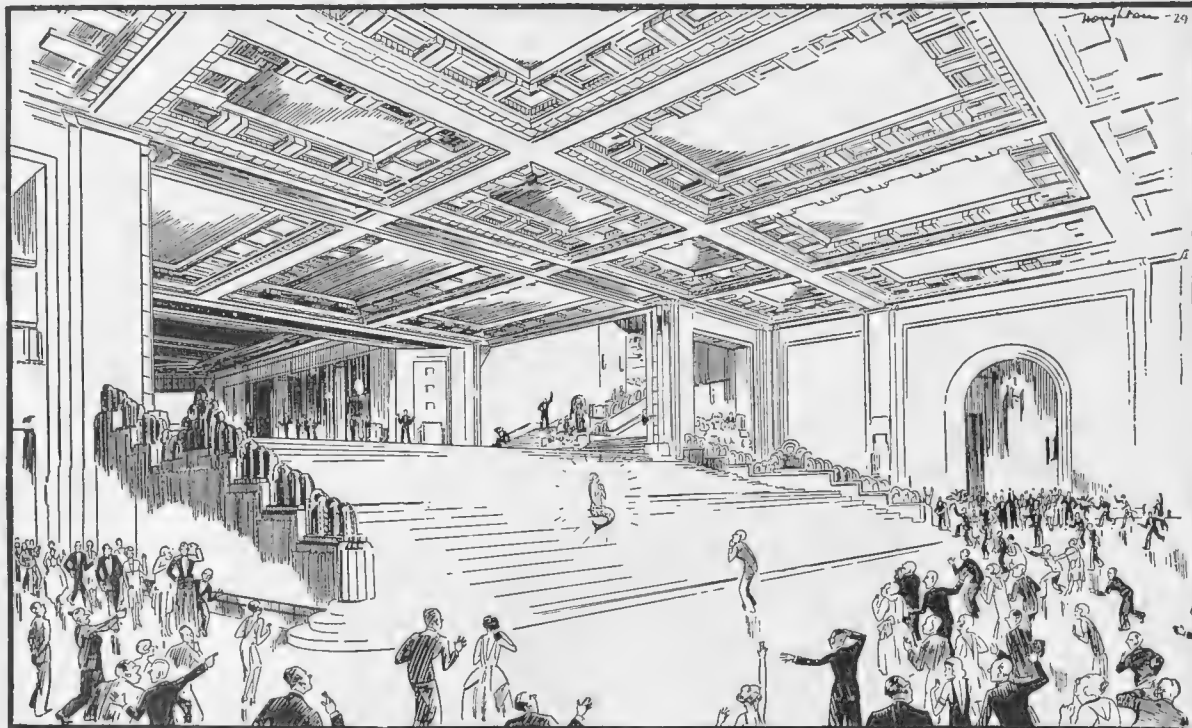
Lieutenant Dennis John Margetts, R.N., only son of Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Margetts of The Cottage, Osterley Park, and Miss Vivian Mary Stock, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. W.

Stock of Bebek, Constantinople; Mr. Donald Napier Buller, Nice, and Miss Dorothy Lina Myers, eldest daughter of Dr. and Mrs. C. S. Myers of 5k, Montagu Mansions, W.; Mr. Edward Salkeld Sharp, only son of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Sharp of Grey Walls, Silverdale, Lancashire, and Miss Denys Gunter-Jones, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Gunter-Jones of Dingwood Park, Ledbury; Lieut. William Scott Thomas, only son of Dr. and Mrs. Thomas of Clarence House, Prestatyn, and Miss Maimie Hemelryk, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Hemelryk of Henfryn Hall, Dyserth, North Wales; Mr. Alexander Alan Coull Walker, Royal Engineers, son of Mr. A. C. Walker, I.C.S. (retired), and Mrs. Walker of Lee-on-Solent, and Miss Winifred Esmay Blackwell, younger daughter of Major-General W. R. Blackwell, C.M.G., and Mrs. Blackwell, London; Lieut.-Commander William Herbert Graves, R.N., youngest son of the late Mr. H. A. Graves and of Mrs. Graves of St. Asaph, and Miss Margaret (Peggy) Packman, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Packman of Weston-Turville, Bucks.



MRS. NEVILLE WHITEHURST

Formerly Miss Jessie Macdonald, the daughter of Mr. D. Macdonald of The Pines, Northwood, whose marriage took place on December 14 to Dr. Neville Whitehurst, son of Mr. G. C. Whitehurst of Northwood



Courtesy of Continental Daily Mail

The embarrassing predicament of a mermaid who intended paying a visit to Father Neptune's Palace, but found that she had inadvertently entered

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Ladies' Kennel Association Notes

It is fitting that in this, the first month of a New Year, we should have a picture of one of our national breed. Champion Pugilist needs no praising from me; his record is enough. Only just over three years old he has won twenty championships besides innumerable firsts and specials. At our Open Show he was made best of either sex in the show, and at the recent Birmingham Show he was runner-up for best in show, best of opposite sex to the winner, and best non-sporting. Pugilist is a magnificent dog, excelling in all points, as can be seen. The photograph shows his marvellous head well. He was bred by his owner, Mrs. Walz, and when one remembers how difficult it is to breed and rear a first-class bulldog one does not wonder she is proud of him. Mrs. Walz owns some other splendid specimens, but of course Pugilist dwarfs them all.

Mrs. Dixon is now settled into her new kennels; she finds them most convenient. Aldenham is fourteen miles from London on the Watford by-pass, so very easy to find. Mrs. Dixon has all her famous Cairns there, and is pleased to see visitors at any time. Her kennels

are well worth a visit. No other fancier seems able constantly to bring out good new dogs like she does. The address is Gunthorpe Kennels, Watford By-pass, Aldenham.

Bedlington terriers are slowly but surely going ahead. Miss Sturt sends a photograph of her dog, Knowlton Piper, and some notes on the breed. Piper is very well bred, his father being a winner, of the best Bedlington blood, and his mother having won a certificate. He is just thirteen months old and will be at stud in the spring. Miss Sturt has some puppies and young dogs for sale, all house-trained. She says Bedlingtons make excellent



THOS. FALL
BEDLINGTON TERRIER

The property of Miss Sturt

companions for children, and that one of their features is that they do not shed their coats, you have to brush the old hair out. Miss Sturt will sell her puppies reasonably as she is expecting some more litters. Everyone knows how sporting Bedlingtons are. Miss Sturt also trims them.

Breeds go up and breeds go down, but the fox-terrier maintains his position as one of the most popular of all dogs as a companion. Not only this, but on the show bench he keeps his popularity, and competition in fox-terrier classes is keen. It is all the more gratifying to have bred a champion, particularly when your kennel is not a large one, as is the case with Miss Pearson, whose Champion Rikki Tikki Tavi's portrait is given to-day.

But though Miss Pearson's kennel is not very large in numbers it is great in quality; she keeps only the best and has her reward in the quality of the stock she breeds. As in all kennels she has some puppies for sale, of the best breeding, not good enough to show, but quite good enough to make very good-looking, cheerful, lively companions. These puppies are going reasonably in view of spring litters. Miss Pearson superintends her dogs herself, which partly accounts for her success.



CH. PUGILIST

The property of Mrs. B. J. Walz



CH. RIKKI TIKKI TAVI

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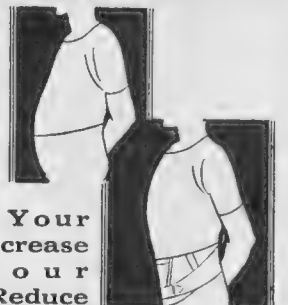
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The Swing of the Pendulum

"IN all things there is a kind of law of cycles," wrote Tacitus in the time of the Romans, and the saying is every whit as true to-day.

There is nothing new under the sun, but we all, like children, having grown tired of certain playthings and laid them away for a time, rediscover much and are mighty proud of our originality.

Of course, each generation puts its own stamp as it were upon an idea. If it is a "new" commodity which is being introduced to us it has probably been re-labelled and altered in so many ways that our great-grandparents might fail to recognise it, and yet fundamentally it will generally be found to be much the same as something used in their day.

Perhaps in no other sphere in life is this law of cycles so apparent as in the world of fashion, whether it be the fashion of the clothes we wear, of the houses in which we live, or of the furnishings with which we decorate the latter. We are always seeking something novel, something different from that which we already have, and to attain this aim we turn over the pages of the past and bring back some mode or custom which is hailed as "the latest thing" by the rising generation.

The cynic may sneer, and the joke-merchant poke fun at the fickleness of Dame Fashion (always depicted as feminine you must note), but the element of change is necessary to all growth, and so the cyclic law should not be disparaged because of its immense psychological value.



A CORNER OF LADY LAVERY'S CHARMING ROOM

She takes a keen interest in Irish industries, therefore the table-cloth pictured is of Old Bleach Linen, which owes much of its beauty to the soft rains and sunshine of Ireland, where it is woven

Usually we turn back a number of pages in our quest for the change which will spell newness, but sometimes it is little more than a chapter, because the custom which Fashion may choose to dictate is one which she knows will make an instant appeal to her women followers.

This is very clearly exemplified by the comparatively short cycle which has had to elapse before the linen table-cloth came into its own again. Beautiful linen has appealed to most women right down the ages, and though the pride of the modern woman in her napery-chest may not possess that personal touch which her sisters felt who spun the flax and wove the design with their own hands, still the thrill is much the same when she looks over her possessions.

The bare table was somehow symbolic of the War period. It was economical as well as novel, because so many of the mats used for utility and decoration were made of materials which required no laundering. Gradually femininity reasserted itself, and these were replaced by mats of linen and lace, long runners being added later still which almost hid the polished surface. Noting the subconscious craving for a display of more and more linen, Fashion wisely decreed the return of the table-cloth. But the table-cloth with a modern note added for those who feel and love the influence of colour.

The sunshine of Irish skies caught in the golden meshes of Old Bleach damask. The greens of Irish turf and sea woven from the flax dried by the soft winds of Erin, the blush pinks of a rosy dawn, are but a few of the beauties put before us by the up-to-date manufacturers to lure us back to the glories of the clothed table as a fitting background for our treasured glass and silver.

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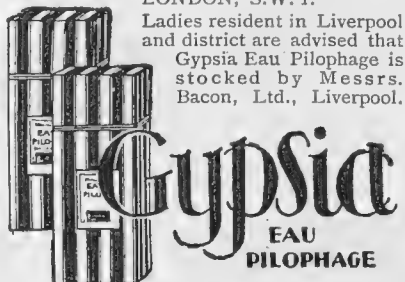
No. 2 Water is used on the skin after the superfluous hair has been removed by No. 1. It is applied for the sole purpose of REACHING the ROOTS already laid bare by No. 1, and to DESTROY these ROOTS, thus PREVENTING NEW GROWTH. After the application of No. 2 Water the skin appears wonderfully clear and velvety.

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SPORTING & DRAMATIC News

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Notes from Here and There

The Friends of the Poor, 42, Ebury Street, S.W., plead for a young woman, aged thirty, who has developed a terrible disease—hardening of the arteries and veins. She is at present in a good home where she is as happy as possible when free from pain, but a black cloud is hanging over her, for soon she may have to leave. Her father is a plate-layer earning a small wage. Both parents feel that their invalid daughter is a burden, and she dreads going home, for there she is not in congenial surroundings. This poor woman's future is very drab, for she is a permanent invalid with little hope of recovery, so she appeals to us to help her to stay where she is contented and well-cared for. The home costs 21s. weekly, towards this 15s. has been collected, 8s. of which is her insurance benefit. May we have contributions towards the remaining 6s., for if we cannot collect it she will have to return home and then enter the infirmary. Please help her!

Two Fifteenth-Century Miracle Plays will be produced by the Hon. Ethel Cadogan and Major Clarke Jervoise at the Rudolf Steiner Hall, on January 23, in aid of the Cheyne Hospital for Children, Chelsea. The programme will include *The Mystery of the Sleeping Saints* and *The Miracle of the Bobbins*. Tickets, which cost from 5s. 9d. to 21s., can be obtained from the Secretary, Cheyne Hospital, Chelsea, S.W.3, or from the Rudolf Steiner Hall, 33, Park Road, N.W.1.

All those in business should have an "At-a-Glance" calendar, for it is an indispensable daily help to every busy man. The day's date is surrounded by the familiar red frame which is fixed securely by a transparent band and moved from day to day. By this device the date is revealed literally at a glance, with the advantage over the ordinary calendar that while the date stands out prominent from the rest of the month, all the other days are clearly visible for reference. They are made in various styles, and can be obtained from all high-class stationers.



SIR CAMPBELL STUART AND THE RIGHT HON. F. G. KELLAWAY
AT THE WOLFE DINNER

The annual birthday dinner in honour of the hero of Abraham Heights, Quebec, was this year held at the King's Arms, Westerham. Another snapshot appears on another page in this issue. Sir Campbell Stuart is Director of the Times Publishing Company, and the Right Hon. Frederick Kellaway is the Managing Director of Marconi's

Oxo, Limited, gave their Annual Christmas party on Saturday evening (January 4) to the children of their employees. There were about 400 delighted guests. Marionettes, a Punch and Judy Show, and conjuring, brought forth loud applause, and excitement reached its height when the conjuror magically produced a real, live Father Christmas, who distributed a gift to every child from a 20 ft. high Christmas Tree.

Walker's Diaries this year are as good and attractive as ever. There are loose leaf pocket diaries in flexible morocco leather with pockets and button band, and wallet diaries with pocket for cards and stamps, also the Treasury Note series which are fitted with pockets with transparent window for season tickets and a pocket with a safety flap for Treasury Notes. The "Year by Year" books for recording events most worthy of remembrance contain a condensed comparing record for five years, and may be obtained in various sizes.

An extremely novel ball is being held on January 29 at the Mayfair Hotel. It is "The Ball of a Hundred Gifts," which is to be in aid of Holy Tainity Church (Hounslow) Centenary Restoration Appeal. Among the attractions will be a surprise arranged by Santos Casani, the well-known dancer, bridge, a palmist, and a lucky number bran tub, arranged by Mrs. Macmillan Dawson. The tickets are two guineas each (block of six tickets £11 11s.), and may be obtained from the Hon. Mrs. Brooke, 32, Hans Road, S.W.3, and Miss Irene Veal, "The Referee," 17, Tudor Street, E.C.4.

Mr. Bert Coote's production of *The Windmill Man*, which is being given at matinées only at the Victoria Palace for the ninth successive year, is proving as big an attraction as ever. Mr. Bert Coote himself plays the Mad Gardener and Mr. Oswald Waller appears in the title rôle, which part he created. The Prince is admirably played by Miss Ruby Hilary, who has appeared in the same part since its original production.

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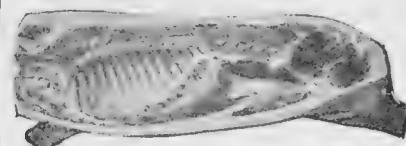
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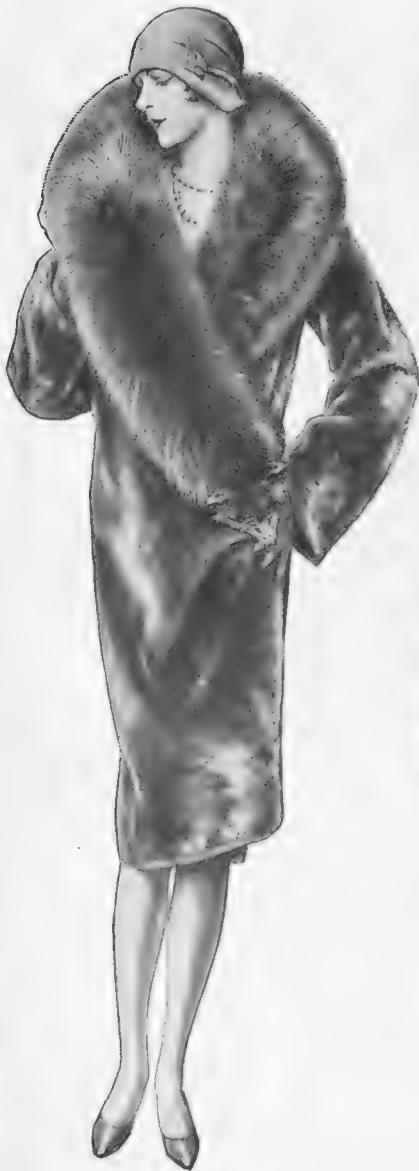
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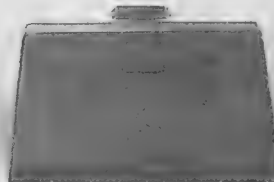
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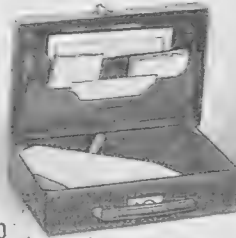
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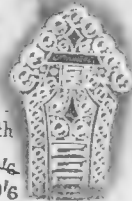
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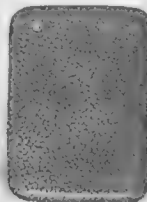
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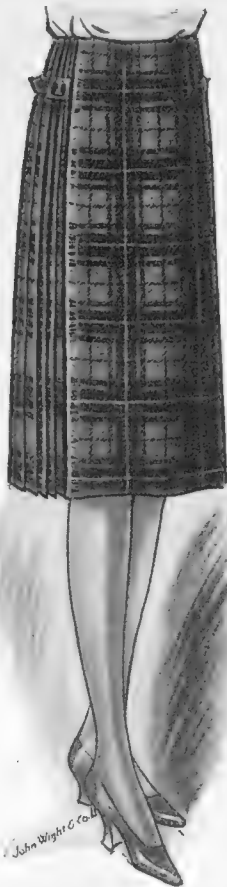
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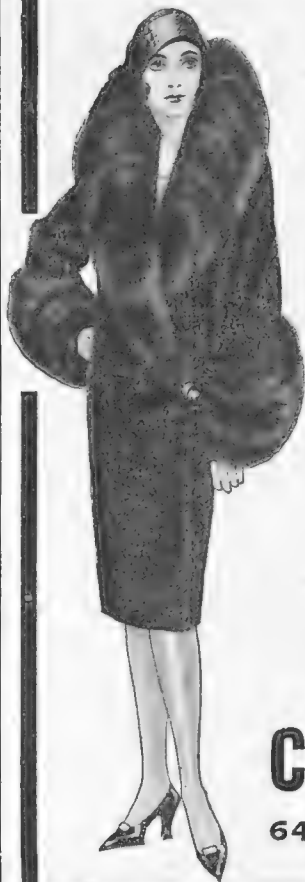
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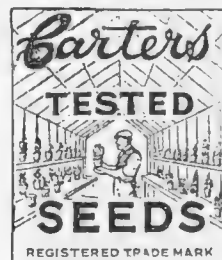
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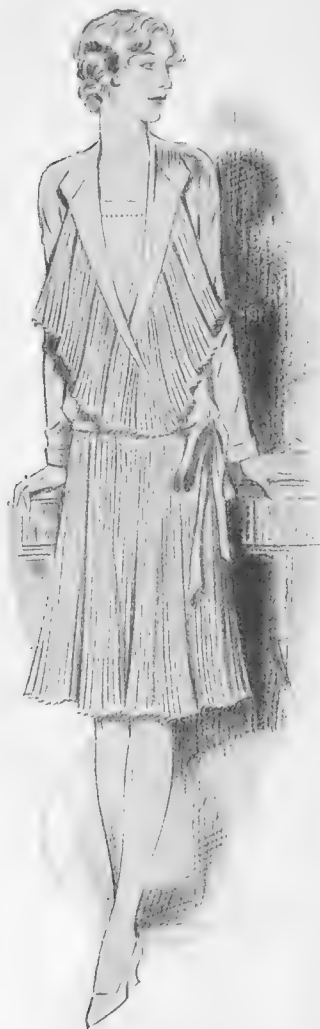
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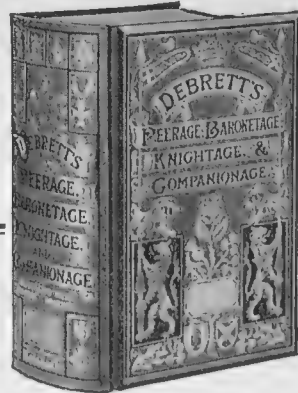
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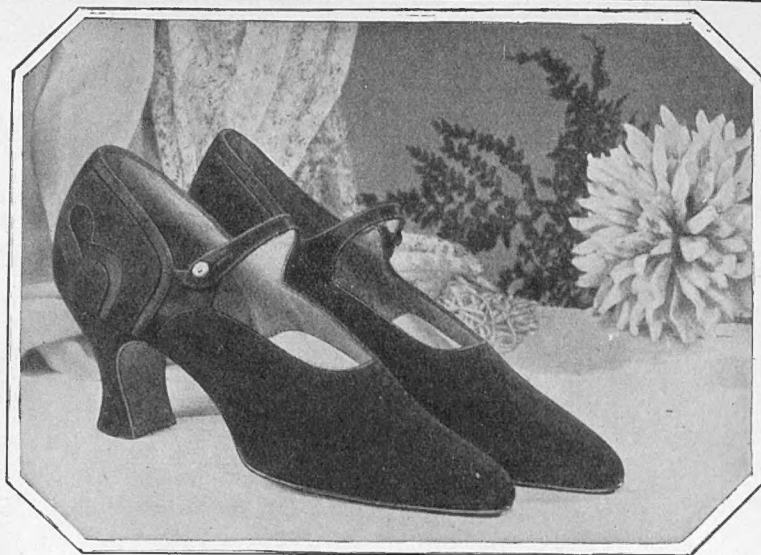
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